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OBSERVATIONS ON
A Journey
THROUGH
SPAIN AND ITALY TO NAPLES;
AND THENCE TO
SMYRNA AND CONSTANTINOPLE:

*Comprising a Description of the Principal Places in
that Route,*

*And Remarks on the present Natural and Political state
of those Countries.*

VOL I.

BY ROBERT SEMPLE,
AUTHOR OF WALKS AND SKETCHES AT THE CAPE OF
GOOD HOPE; AND OF CHARLES ELLIS.

London:
PRINTED FOR C. AND R. BALDWIN, NEW-
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1807.

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OBSERVATIONS ON

R. J. JOHNSON

THROUGHTS

SPAIN AND ITALY TO NAPLES

AND THENCE TO

SMYRNA AND CONSTANTINOPLE

Containing a Description of the Principal Places in
Greece, Asia Minor, and the Levant

And Remarks on the Physical and Political State
of those Countries

VOLUME II

AND THE ROBERT SMITH

AUTHOR OF WATER AND STREETS AT THE CASE OF
GOOD HOPE, LATE OF THE KING'S

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. BARNES, NEW

1807

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PREFACE.

IT has been well observed that the increase of criticism is the decay of genius. Men can publish severe remarks on a book which they have not sufficient talents to write; and in the present day an author must run the risk, not merely of a public reproof, but of being held up as an object of ridicule or contempt. An ignorant or malevolent hireling may falsely accuse him of vulgarity, childishness, and indecency, yet he remains without defence, since to reply would be at once unavailing and degrading. Under such circumstances, he is induced to weigh every expression with



a timid caution ; he is fearful of yielding to the warmth of the moment, lest that warmth should become the cruel sport of cooler minds ; and if after this he produce a work tolerably free from blemishes, but devoid of interest, he is told that the errors of genius may be forgiven, but that neither Men nor Gods can bear mediocrity.

Yet it is hoped that the strict laws of criticism may be modified in favour of travellers who venture to bring their observations before the public. In every other species of writing it is a mere insult to say that want of time, or of attention, prevented the author from rendering his production as perfect, or as interesting, as he otherwise might have done ; for even if he could have performed better, he should by no means let the world know of it. But those who visit foreign countries are

seldom writers by profession. The mariner, the soldier, or the merchant, impelled by duty or led by speculation, have visited spots worthy of description, where Science has perhaps never yet penetrated ; or they may have seen others which are well known, under new and striking points of view. If, then, individuals from these classes cannot publish even their hasty remarks, without running the risk of being assailed by the most virulent censures, or of hearing the laws of Aristotle thundered in their ears, they will by degrees be induced to suppress them altogether. The traveller must be content to remain the hero of his own fire-side ; and the public to receive descriptions of foreign countries only from those who are at once proficient in literature, and have no other occupations than to travel, and to write.

In this point of view, then, it is hoped that want of time, and the occupations of business, inadmissible as an excuse in all other cases, will form some apology for the defects of the following sheets. Until my arrival in Smyrna, I had not even formed the project of committing my casual remarks to the press, and it was there, being unemployed and stationary, that I sketched upon the spot the characters of the Turks and Greeks. The remainder was almost entirely written on my passage to England; during which, an accident tended to render my work still more defective. From the heat of the weather, and the extreme inconvenience below of the small vessel in which I was embarked, I endeavoured to write upon deck. On the first day of my making this attempt, a sudden gust of wind car-

ried all my notes overboard, and I had the mortification of seeing them in a moment strewn about upon the surface of the water. Were it not already too much lengthened, both in reality and in description, this might serve to add one more article to the catalogue of the miseries of human life.

My first idea upon this event was immediately to abandon the undertaking; but in a few days, urged by the tedious idleness of a life on ship-board, I determined to trust to memory, and again took up the task. Whether my time was badly or well employed, or this be admitted as a farther apology, will depend much on the particular sentiments of the reader. Be that as it may, I can at least look back to the hours thus employed without re-

gret, and forward to their probable consequences without apprehension.

It remains that I should say something of the character under which I traversed countries in inveterate hostility against Great Britain. Natural unwillingness to say any thing respecting my private history prevented me from touching upon this circumstance in the body of the work ; but subsequent considerations have convinced me of the propriety, and, indeed, in some degree, of the necessity, of its being explained. Although educated in England, I am an American by birth, and having besides resided six years in that country, am justly entitled to the privileges of a citizen of it. It is true I love England, and would willingly shed my blood for her. It is true I do not regard

that American who does not also respect the parent of his own States, and the source of his liberties and laws. But I travelled under no fictitious character; and the dread of being supposed capable of doing so is the sole cause of the present apology.

ROBERT SEMPLE.

London, March 25, 1807.

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ROBERT STEPHENS.

London, March 25, 1847.

JOURNEY TO LISBON, &c.

CHAP. I.

Lisbon.

I Left London on the 26th June 1805, with a design of repairing to Madrid as speedily as possible, on a business of some importance. Arrived at Falmouth, I found the packet for Lisbon on the point of sailing, and had scarcely time to move my baggage from the mail-coach on board, before the vessel got under way. It was on the evening of the 29th, with a fine breeze and moonlight, and I enjoyed as long as possible a dim view of the English coast. At day-break, on the morning of the 30th, we were out of sight of any land.

Nothing can be more uniform than a summer passage of eight days in the packet from Falmouth to Lisbon. We passed Cape Finisterre in the night, and saw no land till the 5th July, when we made the Burlings, a cluster of rocks on the west coast of Portugal, and the next morning were near Cape La Roque, a high land which forms the north side of the entrance of the Tagus. The pleasant village of Cintra is seen on the heights, and a convent, said to be built of cork, forms a conspicuous object near the summit of the mountains. In this convent every thing is made of cork, where it can possibly be employed. Even the plates are of that material. On approaching the shore, the Englishman begins to observe something of novelty. Heavy fishing-boats with large lateen sails plunge through a rough sea, and outstrip the packet. If they come near enough, his attention is drawn toward the mariners, whose dark complexions, meagre counte-

nances, and ragged dress, immediately announce a different race of men from those of the same occupation whom he has just left. We fire a gun, and one of them tacks toward us to put a pilot on board: As the sea is rough, this is a matter of some difficulty, and we are struck with the noise and vociferation of the people in the bark, who all, from the steersman down to the youngest boy, give directions how it is to be done. At length our pilot seizes a rope and drags himself upon deck. He is ragged and meagre, but not badly made; and in place of boots, he has two wisps of straw wrapped round his legs. He seems perfectly conscious however of the dignity of his character, and that he is a man of some weight in society. He gives his orders with precision, and to shew his consequence reprimands without cause the sailor at the helm, who in return, asks him where he bought his boots. The tide and wind both favoring us, however, we sail fastly up the gulph

of the Tagus, and after being visited by the health-boat, anchor the same evening off Lisbon.

This city can never cease to be a place of consequence whilst trade and commerce flourish in Europe. Had it not been for political events and considerations, it would probably have become the capital of Spain, there being no situation possessed of equal advantages in the whole Peninsula, as it may be called, of Europe, south of the Pyrenees. It is built upon several hills, the number of which it is not easy to ascertain amidst so many buildings; but which the natives say, amount to seven, like those of ancient Rome. It may rather be said to stand upon an arm of the sea, into which the Tagus falls, than upon the Tagus itself; that river not being navigable even for boats in all its long course; till within twelve or fourteen leagues of Lisbon, and the water before the town being salt, and frequently so rough, as to endanger the

ships at anchor there. The inhabitants of Lisbon, however, who are jealous of the honor of their river, affirm this to be a frivolous distinction, and that in the time of the rains, an immense body of fresh water is here brought down, so as often to cause more damage to the shipping than is ever occasioned by the wind and tide from the sea. However that may be, the situation is admirable, and the town, full of churches, palaces, domes, and spires, rising from the edge of the water up the ascents and over the tops of so many hills, presents from the bay one of the noblest views that can be imagined, and superior perhaps to that of any city in the world. In whatever situation we view it during our approach, it is imposing, but when we land the delusion vanishes. The streets are badly paved and full of filth; the houses, with here and there a latticed window, have a melancholy appearance, and the inhabitants, some in rags, and the remainder in dark coloured clothes, render

the whole still more gloomy. The powerful influence of climate already becomes perceptible. The Portuguese are generally dark complexioned and thin, with black hair, irascible and revengeful in their tempers, and eager in their gestures on trivial occasions. They are also said to be indolent, deceitful, and cowardly; but they are temperate in diet, and that may be classed at the head of their virtues, if indeed they have many more to add to it. They affect to talk of the Spaniards with great contempt, as being perhaps the next despicable nation to themselves with which they are acquainted. They have no public spirit, and consequently no national character. An Englishman or Frenchman may be distinguished in foreign countries by an air and manners peculiar to his nation, and which he would attempt in vain to disguise; but any meagre swarthy man may pass for a Portuguese.

The government has all the weakness of despotism in its old age. The prince

is the ignorant and superstitious chief of an ignorant and superstitious people. His navy depends on England for its best officers, and his army is in all respects despicable; but he heads a procession of monks better than any man in Europe, and if the French could be beaten with wax-tapers, the Portuguese might give peace to the world. Conformably to this disposition, the churches, convents, and monasteries are magnificent, and generally full of rich ornaments, fine marbles, mosaic work and paintings. No good man will laugh at any sincere attempt to pay a tribute of respect to the Supreme Being; but in Portugal he will observe with sorrow the numerous and miserable superstitions with which all such attempts are mingled. But let us wait a little, and not decide on the first impressions of comparison between this country and England; let us compare it with others. We are but beginning our journey, and before we get to the end of it may find other nations

within the pale of the Romish church, equally under its subjection. We may safely decide then that the Portuguese are grossly superstitious; but that they are more so than any other sect of Christians remains yet to be observed. For building their new churches, and religious houses, certain taxes are granted by government, and as these taxes are continued till the building be finished, it is astonishing how long a time it takes to complete them. The pious man, who has contributed, perhaps voluntarily, a certain annual sum toward building a church, feels loth that for want of one more year, and one more year's contribution, so good a work should fail. He therefore goes on contributing to the end of his life, and when he dies, makes sure of his soul by a donation in his will to the church of the Mother of God, or of the Heart of Jesus. Meanwhile the monks, who have the administration of all these sums, go on

thrivingly, and are indeed the only fat people in Portugal.

The part of Lisbon most deserving of attention is that which suffered so severely in the dreadful earthquake of 1755. It is not merely that all the flat at the foot of the amphitheatre of the surrounding hills is rebuilt in a regular manner, and excellently paved; but the ruins of great buildings still remaining on the tops of the heights in the heart of a populous city, have a singular and striking effect. Other nations erect monuments at a great expense, in commemoration of battles, earthquakes, and wide wasting fires. But nothing can speak so home to the heart as these awful remains which stand in perpetual memento to the inhabitants of Lisbon, of what has happened, and may again happen to the city.

But let what will happen, in spite of heretical prejudices, we must go to the opera to night, for it is Sunday, and Catalani sings. This charming singer could

not be supported by the receipts of the theatre, but the government allows her a pension of twelve thousand dollars annually, to ensure so valuable an acquisition to Portugal. The crowd goes in waves from the churches to the theatres, which are beyond comparison better filled on Sundays than on any other night in the week. There they talk together, but when Catalani sings, it is the fashion to be silent. As soon as she has finished, they break out again in commendation. Good Heavens what taste! what expression! what command of voice! She is really divine to night. It is indeed impossible to hear her without emotion, and whatever is the general emotion becomes an universal fashion. She truly charmed the ear.

In notes with many a winding bout,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out ;
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that tie,
The secret soul of harmony.

The churches and the theatres will naturally first attract the stranger ; and the ruins cannot fail to awaken serious reflections. Should he be disposed to continue them he may ascend one of the hills, on the top of which, surrounded by a high wall, and planted thickly with trees, is the English burying ground. There is always to me something affecting in the sight of the grave of a fellow countryman in a foreign land ; how much more when they are crowded so thickly together. Among the many who came here for health and found a grave, lies Henry Fielding, an unrivalled delineator of human life and manners, and whose name will be remembered as long as true humour shall be relished in England. I could here fill up several pages with long inscriptions over the once illustrious dead ; but indeed, my good reader, you and I have a long journey before us, and shall therefore leave the drudgery to those who make books. Quitting the burying ground and keeping

the heights, we soon find ourselves on the outskirts of the town, which are composed of very mean houses, and inhabited by a race among whom cleanliness in all its branches appears wholly neglected, and where swine and miserable dogs are stretched out upon heaps of filth before every door. Fortunately this does not last long, and we presently come into the open fields on the north-west side of the town. The country, at this season, looks brown and parched up, and is wholly destitute of inclosures; a number of country seats, however, at a little distance, surrounded by trees and intermingled with vineyards, must, immediately after the rainy season, form a beautiful prospect. On the heights to the left is a range of windmills, which being, I suppose, similar to those used in Spain, tend to illustrate a passage in Don Quixote. Judging from those on the banks of the Thames, and throughout England, I had always hitherto considered the account of the battle with

the windmills, as too extravagant even for that extravagant knight : but those of this country being little, round, sturdy fellows, of about ten or twelve feet in height, might pass for the ghosts of giants, even to a sober English peasant, on a moonlight night. Passing onwards, we come to a deep and narrow valley, over which is thrown the noblest aqueduct which has been erected in Europe since the time of the Romans. It is, perhaps, the last also that will be erected for the sole end of carrying water for common purposes ; the discovery, that fluids when conveyed in pipes will rise to nearly their level, superseding the use of such stupendous structures. It consists of thirty-five arches, the centre one of immense height, but they are greatly too narrow in proportion, when viewed from a little distance. The inhabitants of Lisbon boast that they are the highest single arches in the world, which may be true ; but a double or triple row would have been equally useful and far more elegant. A noble

pathway, bordered by a wall of solid blocks of stone, leads across the summit, nearly on a level with the water, which makes a perpetual running sound on the inside. This sound is echoed along the arched stone roof of the aqueduct, and excites a pleasing sensation in the mind of the passenger, who turning to the other hand, and looking over the parapet, beholds beneath him, at a great depth, the stony bed of a considerable stream, under the center arch, and which in winter must run with all the fury of a mountain torrent. Over this stream a bridge is thrown, and a road leads through the valley; the travellers on which, when viewed from above, seem diminished in size to the circumference of their hats. Upon the whole, this aqueduct is justly a national boast among the Portuguese; and in a country where so few great undertakings, not connected with religion, are carried to perfection, it stands like a giant amidst pigmies and abortions. It is singular that the same

nation have erected in America the only great, perhaps the only, aqueduct which exists in all that continent. It is near the town of Rio Janeiro, and is thrown across a valley wider than that near Lisbon. I only saw this last at some little distance, yet I cannot help thinking that the two were constructed at no great distance of time from each other, and that whichever was the first, served as a model to the second.

It is not my intention to write long descriptions of all the cities through which I may pass, and Lisbon has been often described. It may be observed, however, that many little hamlets, once round it, are now absorbed in it, as in the case of London; and Belem, which is called a distinct village, lower down on the river, is in fact one of the suburbs of Lisbon, being connected with it all the way by buildings along the water, although seven miles distant from the heart of the city. Here is an excellent botanical garden and

a cabinet of natural history, worthy of being visited by all who come to Lisbon. Two very ancient military statues stand at the entrance of the garden, and I must confess I viewed them with much satisfaction. After being stunned, almost to satiety, with Greece and Rome, we catch with pleasure at the most trifling remains of those brave nations, which existed perhaps before either, but sunk under the arts more than the arms of the latter. These statues are interesting even to the artist, as illustrating the first efforts of sculpture amongst a people still rude in the arts, their shields and swords being embossed as it were, and not detached from the stone. They were dug up not very long ago at Montalegre, where they had lain for ages, and no doubt many such antiquarian riches lie buried beneath the surface of the earth, never again to be brought into day.

At Belem is a castle, and a battery running out into the water, the cannon of

which, in the present circumstances sufficiently command the entrance of the harbour. Their alliance with England, however, is the best bulwark of Lisbon against an attack by sea; yet they talk of their navy as being second to that of Great Britain, if not in numbers, at least in courage and manœuvres. Untried merit when much boasted of, may always be suspected, and of all the nations that I have yet seen, the Portuguese appear to have the smallest reason for boasting; yet it must be allowed that their frigates are handsomely modelled, and have every exterior appearance of excellence.

Among the peasantry who come in from the country, especially on Sundays, it is easy to observe a number of particulars in dress and manners which must be referred to a Celtic origin. Instead of hats they frequently wear caps or bonnets; the ancient plaid, too warm to be carried in this climate as a cloak, is converted into a party-coloured sash, which they wear

round the middle, and in which they uniformly carry a dirk or long knife; and their favourite instrument of music is the bagpipe, adorned with ribbons, exactly similar to that used in the highlands of Scotland. To the sound of this very ancient instrument, two or three of them together dance a kind of reel, or if the tune be slow and solemn, the piper walks backward and forward amidst a silent and attentive crowd. In their lively dances they raise their hands above the head and keep time with their castanets. The Scottish highlanders observe exactly the same practice, and I am fully persuaded that their strong snapping of the fingers is in imitation of the sound of the castanet. But perhaps we shall find more of this in our further progress.

It now becomes us, reader, to deliberate how we are to get to Madrid. Seated at your ease, you throw all the burthen upon my shoulders, and indeed since I have made a kind of promise to convey

you there, I find I must bestir myself. Upon inquiry I am informed that there are three modes of travelling. Firstly, on horseback with post horses, but then we must be acquainted with the Spanish language; and that I understand as yet but imperfectly: or we may hire a calèche and agree with the muleteer to be set down at Madrid for a certain sum; or thirdly, we must wait till some traveller arrives from that city, and return in the same carriage. They further add that travelling in Spain is very dangerous, both robbery and murder being frequent on their highways, and that in consequence, travellers always endeavour to form as large parties as possible with many servants, and every individual well armed. I must own this information puzzles me how to proceed; but after waiting several days in vain, I at length learn that two gentlemen are about to go post to Madrid, one of them a Swiss perfectly well acquainted with the language and customs of Spain; the other a young

man of a good family, settled in that country, and who though born in Madrid, was educated in Ireland, and had been one of my fellow passengers in the packet. On application I am received into the party. Each one provides himself with a saddle, a portmanteau, and a case for his pistols, and on the 18th July, the day appointed, having met together at the water side, we put our luggage and ourselves on board of a boat in order to cross the Tagus, and so bid adieu to Lisbon.

CHAP. II.

Journey from Lisbon to Madrid.

BEING first of all provided with an order from the postmaster, we cross the water in a slanting direction from Lisbon to Aldea Gallega. The view in crossing is delightful, the west bank of the river far above Lisbon consisting of a succession of small rounded hills, covered with verdure to the summits, and studded with farms and country seats. Aldea Gallega is a miserable village of fifty or sixty houses or huts; placed at the head of a small creek on the south-east side of the Tagus, and distant from Lisbon about ten miles. It is the first post, and here, after some delay in inspecting our orders, we are all mounted and ready to begin our journey. Our postillion or guide, carries at least

fifty pounds weight of our baggage before him on his saddle, and every thing being ready, he gives us strict orders never to go a head of him, and then cracking his long whip we all set off together at a full gallop. Scarcely are we out of the village when the road becomes a deep white sand, and although the sun be on the decline, it reflects the heat with great violence. Presently we come to a large plain, bounded on the south by the hills towards St. Ubes, but extending before us in long prospect. The soil is mostly sand; in some parts gravelly, and covered with shrubs, bushes, and low pine trees, but scarcely a house is to be seen in any direction. Having just commenced our journey, and not yet feeling fatigued, we accuse our guide of loitering, but he assures us that the first post from Aldea Gallega is five leagues distant; and a Spanish post league may be calculated at fully equal to four English miles. It was accordingly long after sunset before we arrived at los Pregones.

This is merely a small hamlet, and at the post-house we had the first sample of what entertainment we were likely to meet with on the road; not being able to procure any refreshment except a little sour wine with water, and having it at our option either to sit down on the ground, or on the straw in the stable. We were not however long detained here. A new guide and new horses awaited us, our saddles and luggage were arranged, and with many loud cracks of our postillion's whip, as if he had been in the heart of a populous city, instead of a few huts, we set off at a gallop as before. The road continued level for some distance; but we had not proceeded far when the night became quite dark, and precluded all further observation on the surrounding country.

From los Pregones to las Ventas Nuevas, or New Inns, is three Spanish leagues, or upwards of twelve English miles, and we arrived there at ten o'clock at night.

Amidst a collection of poor huts stood a long barn, and this was the post-house. Every body was asleep, but the sound of our guide's whip soon procured us admission, a half extinguished fire was rekindled, and after much trouble, some wine was brought, so sour as to be hardly drinkable. Seated round the embers however, we determined to accustom ourselves to every inconvenience, and recalled to mind the story of the traveller, who complained to his Spanish landlord, that his wine was sourer than his vinegar. "I wonder at that," replied mine host, with great coolness, "for they are both out of the same cask." Satisfied, therefore that others had been treated at least as badly as ourselves in these countries, we passed round the bottle, and in spite of wry faces quenched our thirst with large potations of this miserable liquor. After an hour's delay however, fresh horses were ready, and we started from our barn at eleven o'clock, with as much uproar as

we had done from los Pregones and Aldea Gallega. To our great satisfaction it was now moonlight, but a slight fog prevented our deriving much advantage from the circumstance, beyond the pleasure of not travelling in darkness. I regretted that I had not been able to discern from the plains the form and direction of the hills which we now began to ascend. They were of no great height, but there was a succession of them with rugged roads, and the descents very steep, and requiring caution to hold up our horses from falling. In the mean time our guide, who had set off in such a hurry, fell fast asleep, and although he rocked from side to side, stuck to the saddle instinctively. We trusted however to our horses, and after many slips, arrived about two in the morning at Montemor Novo. This had more the appearance of a town, even by moonlight, than any place we had passed through since leaving Lisbon. It is four leagues from las Ventas Nuevas, decently built

and paved, and standing on the first break of a tolerably high hill, on the summit of which are the remains of an old Moorish castle. Here, notwithstanding all the noise we could make, we stood a long time before we could gain admission to a Venta or inn ; and when a door was unwillingly opened to us, we beheld two men stretched out upon straw, covered with ragged quilts, one of whom had let us in, and having done so, absolutely refused to move again in our behalf. At length an old woman, whom the noise had awakened, appeared with a light, and conducted us into a room. Considering we were now sixty miles from Lisbon, after a short deliberation, we agreed to take a few hours repose ; three straw mattresses were unrolled upon the floor, and hardly giving ourselves time to throw off our coats, or wish one another good night, in five minutes we were all sound asleep.

Before six o'clock we were again on

foot, and our kind Duenna having brought us some conserve of honey, wine and fruit, we strengthened ourselves against the approaching fatigues of the day. From Montemor Novo to Arrayolos the distance is marked three leagues; but we found it to be fully fourteen miles, so inaccurately are the posts calculated, for measured they certainly are not. The country was agreeably diversified by hills and vallies, but badly wooded, and still worse cultivated, until we came near Arrayolos, a small village pleasantly situated on the top of a hill. Here was by far the best post-house we had yet seen; the family was decent and neat in dress and appearance; the master seemed to consider himself as a Portuguese country gentleman, and treated us with great politeness. It was ten o'clock before we could leave Arrayolos, and the sun began already to be very hot. We descended the hill, and after riding a few miles, the country assumed a different aspect from

what we had yet seen; the mountains rising in a rounder form, and beginning to be covered with trees to their summits. It was past mid-day before we reached La Venta del Duque, a distance of three leagues. We found it to be a single house, without a village or hamlet near it, and upwards of a mile from the post-house which also stood alone on the top of a hill. As the heat however was now excessive, without the smallest breeze, we determined to remain a few hours, and accordingly entered the house which I will describe. A single room or hall occupied all the lower part, unfloored, and serving as a retreat both to the family and their poultry, which were perched all round. At one end a seat was built along the wall, and corresponding to it, a low table like that which hermits are represented as using, but formed of bricks and mortar instead of turf. On the opposite side of this immoveable table great pieces of cork supplied the place of stools, which,

when we tried to lift them, surprized us by their lightness. On a large open fireplace stood two or three small narrow-necked earthen jars, which formed the whole kitchen apparatus, and this completes the furniture of the lower room. The space above stairs was divided into several apartments, furnished with mats, and one or two mattresses for strangers to sleep on; and one room locked up contained the wealth of the family. Having signified our wish to eat, two fowls were instantly killed, stripped, cut into pieces, and put into one of the narrow-necked jars with a little water and other ingredients. The jar was then placed on the hearth, and hot embers swept round the bottom of it, and this was the whole process of cooking. Meantime we lay down to sleep, and when called to our meal found all the riches of the house displayed. Our table was spread with a clean napkin, two earthen plates, one silver and some wooden spoons, and a pitcher of tolera

ble wine. Hunger made us perhaps esteem the Portuguese cookery more highly than we might otherwise have done, for we finished the contents of our jar and agreed in calling them excellent. The heat of the day being past we prepared to mount our horses, and greatly exhilarated by a comfortable meal, and a draught of wine where we had expected to find little or nothing, pursued our journey towards Estremoz.

Shortly after leaving la Venta del Duque we had a view of Estremoz, on the top of a high hill distant about twelve miles. The country all round affords many views of deep valleys, and mountains crowned with forests; but it is reckoned the most dangerous part of Portugal to travellers, on account of the frequent robberies which take place in it. The Portuguese affirm that these robberies are generally committed by Spaniards, who easily find means to escape to their own frontiers with their booty, where they are

safe from pursuit. Be that as it may, we held ourselves prepared, and certainly passed many gloomy spots well adapted for scenes of villainy, in the bottom of glens, and in narrow passes in the woods. The sun had already set before we reached Estremoz, but we had still light enough to discern its fortifications, and that it was by far the largest town we had seen since leaving Lisbon. Here it was necessary to wait upon the governor, who received us politely, addressed us in French, and understanding our wish to proceed farther that night, gave orders that we should be allowed to pass the gates. Of this we availed ourselves, and proceeded on our road three leagues, to Aloravizas, a miserable inn, where we with great difficulty procured a light repast, without wine, and two straw pallets for beds. In travelling however, we soon learn to accommodate ourselves to every thing, and although we had not ridden above forty miles that day, we were yet sufficiently fatigued to

have slept on the bare ground, had it been necessary.

We were at day-break pleased with the prospect of being out of Portugal before night. Although the whole country, to the south of the Pyrenees had been formerly one kingdom, we yet expected to find some striking differences of manners and customs ; nay, even that the mountains and trees of Spain should have a different character from those which surrounded us. These ideas would alone have shortened the four leagues to Yelves, or Elvas, the frontier town of Portugal towards Spain, even without the additional variety of hills and valleys, wide plains, and forests of oak, and cork trees. About nine o'clock we arrived at Elvas, upon the top of a steep hill, and commanding a delightful prospect of that rich slip of country on the banks of the Guadiana, which marks the frontiers of the two kingdoms. As I contemplated from the heights of Elvas the wide spread pros-

pect of mountains, forests, and fertile plains, I could not help contrasting it with the borders of England and Scotland, where the long and inveterate hostility of two nations, now closely united, has produced such extensive tracts of bare hills and barren heaths. Portugal seems to have exerted all her strength to render the fortifications of Elvas formidable, and to garrison it with her best soldiers, as if by this outward rind she could conceal the weakness of her interior. Exclusive of the situation, and the fortifications, the place itself has nothing worthy of notice, except a Moorish aqueduct in some parts of several rows of arches, which still conveys water to the town, being in general not so well built as Estremoz. To our great satisfaction, however, we discovered a coffee-house, where we procured some excellent coffee and milk, and delicious figs, upon which we breakfasted. Thus refreshed, we bade adieu to Elvas without

regret, and prepared to quit the dominion of Portugal.

Presently after descending the hill, we came into an even country, which however by no means answered the idea which we had formed of its fertility from the heights, the soil being sandy, and miserably cultivated, and that only in spots. About nine miles from Elvas we came to a sandy flat, on which, to the right of the road, some tents were pitched; under their shade a dozen soldiers, stretched out at full length, formed the advanced guard of Portugal. At a little distance a small stream which quickly falls into the Guadiana is the line of demarcation. It was now nearly dry, and we crossed its bed at full gallop, and, waving our hats, striving who should be first on the Spanish territory. Here we congratulated each other, but as might be expected, found as yet no difference in the soil or cultivation. The Spaniards, however, to judge by the

first glance, have too great a contempt for their neighbours, to take the trouble of setting up a few scarecrows in soldier's clothes on their side of the brook.

As we approach Badajoz, the country becomes more fertile, and better cultivated; which indeed ought to be the case near a populous town, and on the banks of the Guadiana, one of the great rivers of Spain. We cross this fine stream, which however is not yet navigable, upon an excellent stone bridge, and immediately pass under the gates of Badajoz, where our passports are examined, and after the necessary ceremony of paying a trifling sum to custom-house officers, we are left free to find our way all over the kingdom.

Badajoz (pronounced Badahoz) is the frontier town of Spain on this frontier, as Elvas is of Portugal, and is therefore strongly fortified and garrisoned. The Spanish soldiers who throng the gates are stouter, and have a more martial look than those we have just left behind

us; but I seek in vain for that honest freedom which marks the soldier of England. One of my companions having business to transact here, we remain the rest of the day, and have time to observe, that even in the frontier towns, a strong line of distinction is drawn between the two nations. The Spaniard is more determined in his gait and manners; his cloak thrown over his shoulders gives him something of the air of a man of courage, whilst the same custom with the Portuguese manners, gives only the look of an assassin. But if we notice the difference between the men, it is still more apparent in the women of the two countries. The air, the dress, the walk of the Spanish ladies is not only superior to that of their neighbours, but perhaps of any European nation. The lower part of their dress is black, with deep fringes; the upper consists simply of a white muslin veil, which, without covering the face, falls down on each side of the head, crosses over the

bosom, and is fastened behind the back. They walk with freedom; their eyes are dark and expressive, and their whole countenances have that bewitching air which an Englishman likes well enough to see in any woman except his wife, his sister, or the woman he truly loves and respects.

Having spent the afternoon in viewing Badajoz, we prepared for an early departure on the ensuing morning. We were on horseback before sunrise, and arrived at the gate leading toward the country just as it was opened. A number of peasants with their horses, mules, and asses loaded with fruits and vegetables, who had been long in waiting, rushed in like a torrent, and almost carried us away with them. We had no resource but to spur up our horses, and force our way through with no small detriment to many a panier of figs and apricots. For some time after leaving Badajoz, the road is confined, but we soon came to immense uncultivated plains,

bordered all round by distant mountains, except close upon our right, where were small hills with a gentle slope. At a distance in the plains lay Talavera la Real, three leagues from Badajoz, and our next stage. These plains are kept from cultivation by the express interference of government for the benefit of the Spanish sheep, which certainly derive from such pastures the superior excellence of their wool. Not only Estremadura, but all the inland provinces, abound with these commons, with respect to which the prejudices of the inhabitants are insurmountable. "Why do you not plough up these fertile deserts?" said I to a Spaniard, "encourage agriculture, the real basis of the greatness of kingdoms, and your country may yet rank with the first in Europe." "I see," replied he: "That you have the prejudice common to most foreigners. These deserts, as you call them, are the glory of Spain, for it is from their pastures that is formed the finest wool in the

world." It is needless to expose the ignorant fallacy of this reasoning, which however is here universal, and it is not without regret that an Englishman beholds the finest plains in Europe abandoned and uncultivated.

Talavera la Real, although thus distinguished by the name of Royal, presents nothing worthy of notice; unless perhaps one or two stone crosses at the end of the village may for a moment attract attention. Soon after leaving Talavera, our road leads us close along the Guadiana, whose banks are here high and crumbling, large portions of earth having recently fallen in, and not being yet washed away by the current. Where such is the nature of the soil, the bed of the river is wide and irregular, with banks of sand and gravel in the middle. On the contrary, when the nature of the ground opposes more resistance, the channel is narrower, but the current more rapid. The country immediately near the river is cultivated;

but in a miserable manner ; having neither farm-houses, trees, nor inclosures on its banks. The Guadiana presented a very different picture from what Spanish descriptions had led me to expect ; and its smooth waters, instead of affording the idea of coolness, seemed to reflect the heat of the sun like a gliding mirror. In this manner we pursued our journey to Perales, three leagues distant from Talavera la Real, and situated still closer to the river. It is merely a post-house where we changed horses, and thence set off for Merida, another stage of three leagues. The ground now begins to wear a different appearance, rising into small hills with mountains to the Eastward. The ruins of an aqueduct mark the approach to Merida ; the ancient Merita Augusta, situated close upon the Guadiana, over which we pass upon a noble Roman bridge, in admirable preservation. Besides the bridge, Merida contains many monuments of the Roman power ; such as an

amphitheatre almost entire, a circus or chariot course, and a naumachia or aquatic theatre. There are also the remains of a triumphal arch; a subterraneous passage leading to the river, for watering the cattle in times of siege; a small temple dedicated to Mars, and various columns and broken arches. It may give satisfaction to know that this temple is now cleansed of all its impurities by holy water, and holy tapers, and holy priests; and a wooden image of the Holy Virgin has supplied the place of the frowning God of war. The whole is attested by a fair inscription on the front of the edifice, and which, as if to spite the Manes of the long departed founder, is in Latin. The walls appear also to be of Roman construction, although they formerly extended further into the river, as great masses of ruins in its bed sufficiently testify.

In the market place the Spaniards have erected a singular monument of their ig-

norance. Three ancient altars are piled one above another to form a pillar; a stone with a Latin inscription declaring that it is dedicated to Concord forms the base; and a modern statue of a female saint stands upon the summit. When we examine these altars, the beautiful workmanship of which shews the hand of a Grecian sculptor, we are tempted to exclaim against this barbarism which has thus perverted their use, until we reflect that this has perhaps been the very means of preserving them for a nobler purpose, and that they yet may one day grace a national collection, or the museums of Princes.

Surrounded by so many interesting objects, we heard without much regret that it was impossible to procure horses that day, and having finished our Spanish olio, we spent the afternoon in examining them. In the evening we bathed in the Guadiana, a luxury which cannot be conceived except by those who have previously ridden many hours under a scorching sun.

We walked below the town over beds of smooth stones, like the shingly beach of Sussex, yet even here we found some small bushes, from beneath whose covert we plunged into the river. It here formed a wide basin, bottomed with pure sand, and fordable all over, as we found to our great surprize, not being above five feet in depth in the middle. Above and below this noble basin, the river, more confined, rushed with a murmuring noise over its gravelly bed, and this was the only noise that we heard. Pardon me reader; travellers have described with enthusiasm even the ruins of ancient baths, why then should I pass over in total silence a natural one which far transcends them all?

It was eight o'clock the ensuing morning, before we bade adieu to Merida, and the banks of the Guadiana. Hitherto we had travelled from Lisbon in a direction nearly due west, but now our road turned to the northward, and became more varied and interesting, although we had no

longer a view of the river. A ride of two leagues brought us to San Pedro de Merida, a small and trifling village, situated in a plain, where we changed horses, and proceeded three leagues further to la Venta de la Guia. This is a small town, and contains one of the few good, or at least tolerable inns, to be met with on the whole road. Here we passed two or three hours during the heat of the day, but in the afternoon, when we were preparing to set out, one of my companions received a kick from the postillion's horse, which obliged us, however unwillingly, to remain there the whole of that evening and night. At day-break however our friend was able to mount once more on horseback, and we took the road to Meajadas, distant three leagues. This is a small town containing nothing worthy of notice, and from whence a ride of six leagues brought us to Truxillo, a small town situated upon a hill, and famous for being the birth place of Pizarro. A

great number of stone crosses stand at the entrance of the town, but we could not learn the particular causes of their erection. As many of them are of very ancient date, perhaps they were built to propitiate Heaven by those adventurers whom the success of their fellow citizens attracted to South America. At present Truxillo is in a state of great decay, and the entrance is through narrow streets, almost choked up with filth. In honour of Pizarro, we dined here, and the same evening pursued our journey six leagues farther, through Carrascal and Jaraycejo to Miravete. Between Truxillo and Miravete the country is reckoned favourable to robbers, being full of deep forests, vallies overgrown with trees, and high grounds, from which they can observe the approach of travellers. These circumstances however tend to render it a romantic ride, especially between Jaraycejo and Miravete, where the road crosses a high mountain, approaching to a chain of hills,

branching from the Great Sierra Morena. The ruins of an old Moorish castle crowned the brow of a distant hill, which we had constantly in view. The idea of danger, slight as it was, by keeping us silent, and as it were, compressing our thoughts, gave a double interest to the romantic scenery around us. It was nearly dark when we reached the summit of the mountain, the steep descent of which was formerly one of the most difficult passes of Spain. Now however an excellent winding road leads to the bottom, where we found a few houses; and a small post-house, honored with the name of las Casas del Puerto de Miravete, and where we willingly agreed to pass the night. A family, consisting of a decent matron and several handsome girls, were all presently engaged in preparing our evening repast, to which their smiles and jokes whilst they waited on us, gave a greater relish. A pitcher of good wine crowned the supper, over which we laughed at the

fatigues of the day, and talked of the pleasures of home. To our great comfort we found clean beds to rest on; and a small metal crucifix, and a picture of the Holy Virgin at the head of each, effectually guarded our nightly slumbers.

Before day-break on the ensuing morning, we left Miravete. The path continued rugged and uneven for some distance, till we came to an excellent road along which we had not travelled far, before we came to the Tagus, which we soon after crossed over upon an excellent bridge. That river runs here at the bottom of a steep and narrow valley, which is its general character throughout the whole of its long course. It always runs with considerable rapidity, which shews a constant descent from whence it takes its rise among the mountains on the borders of Arragon. From Miravete to the post-house of Almaraz is a distance of two leagues, and two leagues more brought us to Naval moral de Plasencia, a small

and tolerably rich town, where we breakfasted. From Navalморal, another post of four leagues brought us to la Calzada de Oropesa, a small town where we were again detained the remainder of the day for want of horses, several government couriers going different roads, having met here shortly before our arrival. We had not as at Merida the consolation of reflecting that our detention was well repaid by the inspection of curious and interesting objects, for this place contained so little worthy of regard, that we were scarcely tempted to stir abroad. Early the next day, a stage of four leagues brought us to la Venta de Pelavenegas, consisting of two or three houses in the middle of a wood, through which we had been riding the greater part of the morning. Here we could obtain nothing but a little dry bread, which must have formed our breakfast, had we not been provided with a little chocolate which they prepared for us. The woods here

abound with game, as we could observe by several peasants coming in with their guns, and loaded with hares, rabbits, partridges, and wild pigeons.

From this lonely Venta we rode four leagues to Talavera la Reyna, a city once very populous, and noted for its manufacture of silk, and which still maintains a considerable number of looms. It is well situated upon the Tagus, and exhibits in the public buildings marks of departed prosperity. Near the town, the road toward Madrid leads under fine avenues of trees, but the country soon becomes open and sandy, over which, as it was now the heat of the day, our horses could go but slowly. Not far from Talavera, we crossed the sandy bed of a large river (the Alberche) upon a magnificent stone bridge of many arches, under only one or two of which a small stream of water crept slowly along. Nothing at first sight can appear more ridiculous to a stranger than similar bridges which abound in Spain. They appear as

if placed to shew that a river ought to be there. But though nearly dry in the midst of summer, these channels, after the rains, pour down immense torrents of water, and it is then that the traveller perceives their utility, and blesses the name of their founder. On our arrival at the post-house of Sotocochinos, two long leagues from Talavera, the heat became so excessive that we agreed to remain there a few hours, and with some difficulty procured a scanty meal. Toward the evening we again mounted, and rode five leagues to Maqueda; having stopped to change horses at the little village of Bravo. Maqueda is only a small town: but there are already symptoms of our approach to the capital. At our posada or inn, we noticed more attention to cleanliness and little civilities, neater furniture, and a table better served in a long hall. Early in the morning we resumed our journey. After changing horses at la Santa Cruz del Retamar, five leagues from Maqueda brought

us to Palmojado, a miserable village, where we with difficulty procured a little chocolate for our breakfast. Four leagues farther brought us to Mostoles, after passing through the village of Naval carnero, where we changed horses. As we were now within three leagues of Madrid, it was determined not to make our entry before the evening.

The heat of the day was spent at Mostoles, and about six o'clock we set out. A heavy storm of thunder and lightning, which clouded all the country to the North of us, served to add interest to our approach to this capital. We had not proceeded far from Mostoles before we perceived its domes and spires, and could determine exactly the whole extent, which by no means corresponded with the ideas we had formed of the metropolis of so great a kingdom.

The lamps were already lighted before we arrived at the gates, to which we approached by a fine stone bridge over

a sandy rivulet, called here the river Manzanares. All the capitals of Europe stand upon great rivers, or arms of the sea, and therefore the Manzanares shall pass for a river; although in winter it can only be a torrent, and in summer a bed of sand. Be that as it may, the entrance to Madrid is noble. We passed under a grand arch of stone adorned with warlike trophies, and enter at once upon a wide street, each side of which is composed of the palaces of the grandees of Spain. After many windings, we arrive at the market place, where stone crosses, numerous lights, and a thousand different cries, assure us that we are once more arrived at a metropolis.

In a short time we arrive at la Cruz de Malta, or the cross of Malta, one of the most famous inns of Madrid, and where I desired our postillion to stop. Each of my travelling companions has houses and friends to repair to; but I am a stranger, and alone, and I go to la Cruz de Malta.

After a journey of four hundred miles on horseback, under so warm a sun, we naturally wish for a quiet night's rest; but in the first moments of leisure, I begin to meditate upon the tract of country through which we have passed, and the manners of the people whom we have seen. As Lisbon stands upon the mouth of the Tagus, and the sources of that river lie still farther to the North East of Madrid, it necessarily follows that we have been gradually ascending from the western shores of Europe to nearly the centre of Spain. Wherever we have passed the Tagus, it flows with a considerably rapid current toward the Atlantic. But independantly of that consideration, the ascent has been constantly obvious to us. Not only the Tagus, but every smaller river or brook met us, if I may so say, on the road either running toward the Tagus on the one side, or on the other, into the Guadiana, and so to join the Atlantic to the Southward, between Cape St. Vincent and the

Straits of Gibraltar. From the Gulph of the Tagus, travelling to the North East we first meet with large sandy plains, bordered with mountains of no great height. As we approach Montemor Novo, we find ourselves in a country of hills, but it is not till we reach the frontiers of Portugal that they can be termed mountains, and even then perhaps doubtfully. From these heights the mountains of Spain become visible, together with the wide extent of country between them, covered in most parts with forests, and through which runs the Guadiana, and the smaller streams that fall into it. Arrived at Merida, we look back upon the hills, and think how the Romans must have felt when they compared these natural ramparts of the unconquered Lusitani-ans with their own stone walls, and the broad river between them. As we recede from the banks of the Guadiana, we approach a lofty branch of the mountains of Sierra Morena, and having crossed this

branch soon arrive at the deep channel of the Tagus. These mountains, therefore, by separating the two rivers, serve to give them their different directions; for it may be observed that they run nearly parallel to each other for more than two hundred miles, until the Guadiana reaches Badajoz, when it makes a sudden bend, and continues the rest of its course due south. From the banks of the Tagus the ground constantly rises in terraces to Madrid. The casual declivities bear no proportion to the ascents; a truth which we never lose sight of, although sometimes the road lies over immense plains, or through thick forests. When we have reached Madrid, standing upon several hills of a sandy stone, we still observe the high ridge of the Guadiana mountains to the northward, and their summits must be amongst the highest ground in Spain.

Retracing again our route, we find that the roads in Portugal are in a most ne-

glected state, whilst in Spain, no sooner have we passed the frontiers than we see them excellent from Badajoz to Madrid. The Portuguese do not scruple to avow their reason for thus not merely abandoning their roads toward Spain, but absolutely leading them over the most difficult and rocky ground : “ We do not wish,” say they, “ to make a road to Lisbon for the Spaniards.” The Spaniards, on the contrary, construct excellent roads, in all directions from their metropolis to the frontiers, and even toward France. A generous spirit reduced to extremities disdains to owe his safety to concealment ; on the contrary, he bares the road to his heart, and calls on his enemies to strike. In the same spirit the Spaniards affect no concealment with respect to their fortifications and harbours : Any person may obtain at Madrid excellent plans of Cadiz, Ferrol, Barcelona, &c. published by the government, and greatly superior in accuracy to those executed in other countries.

The French, on the contrary, are exceedingly jealous on these points. As we have yet a further journey to make, if we ever wish to leave Spain, I shall at present say nothing of the mode of travelling until we reach the port, whatever it may be, of our embarkation. In the mean time let us turn our attention to this city, which, notwithstanding all its misfortunes, is still perhaps the metropolis of one of the greatest empires, in point of extent, existing.

Madrid, like Petersburg, owes its origin to political considerations; its site being nearly in the centre of Spain, and therefore considered as the best adapted for the foundation of a capital. It however possesses no other local advantages, and serves to display the Spanish idea of greatness of mind, which consists in choosing advantageous mathematical points, without regard to other circumstances, and then forcing nature to bend to their views. By going only thirty-five miles to

the southward, many advantageous and beautiful situations might have been chosen on the banks of the Tagus, either on the fine plains near Aranjuez, or on the hills of Toledo. As if in contempt of this noble river, Madrid is built on the banks of the Manzanares, which is only one of its tributary streams, and which in summer presents a rivulet creeping through a wide bed of sand. If, however, we lose sight of this absurdity, it presents an imposing appearance, the houses being lofty, and built of stone; the streets well paved and clean, and the public edifices not being blacked with smoke, as in London, look as if they were newly erected. The great ornaments of Madrid, exclusive of its palaces and churches, are its gates, resembling so many triumphal arches, and the Prado or public walk. The erection of these gates was the glory or the weakness of Charles the Third, who has taken due care to record his name upon them in

long inscriptions ; but he forgot to add walls to them, which, in my opinion, would have greatly increased the effect. Beautiful gates are placed here and there in a miserable wall, which a few three pounders would batter down in an hour ; so strangely are magnificence and poverty here blended together. The Prado, on the contrary, is admirable in all its parts, being a broad walk, adorned with handsome fountains, and divided into avenues by rows of trees ; it bounds the whole of one side of the town, being terminated at each end by one of the gates of the city. The streets leading down to it are the broadest and finest in Madrid, and on the opposite side are the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and palace of the Retiro, worthy of the residence of a prince, although at present only used by the King as a shooting ground during his stay at Madrid. The fountains of the Prado are in general formed after antique models, and the water of one of them is the purest in the whole city,

and the only kind of which the present King drinks, water being his sole beverage. One very broad walk adorned with these fountains, is thronged every fine evening with the best company, and on Sundays, the King, Queen, and royal family, ride up and down the carriage road, and salute the people constantly as they pass. It is on the Prado that the stranger may study with advantage the dress, the air, and the gait of the Spaniards; for then all pass in review before him, from the prince to the beggar. The nobleman alights from his carriage, and saunters among the throng, seemingly careless about his fine dress, and the ornaments at his button-hole, although nobody glances at them so often as himself; the citizen dresses in the mode general throughout Europe thirty years ago; whilst the lower classes that venture on the Prado, still wear their cloaths thrown over the shoulder, and thus preserve the last reliques of the ancient toga. All the men

wear large cocked hats, and all smoke cigars; for this latter purpose boys run up and down the prado with a kind of slow torch, which burns without flaming, and serves to light the cigars. In opposition to them, water carriers, with their porous, earthen vases and goblets vend the cool water of the neighbouring fountains; and the various cries of fire, fire, and fresh water, water, are heard above the buzz of the mingled crowd. But the women principally attract the eyes of the stranger. Their simple and elegant dress, their veils, which serve any purpose but that of concealing their faces, the freedom of their walk, and their looks attractive, but not immodest, tend to make an Englishman forget for a moment that they are greatly inferior in point of real beauty to the women of his own country.

There is one custom which pleased me much, and which no where produces so striking an effect as on the prado. Ex-

actly at sunset the bells of the churches and convents give the signal for repeating the evening prayer to the Virgin. In an instant the busy multitude is hushed and arrested, as if by magic. The carriages stop, the women veil their faces with their fans; the men take off their hats, and all breathe out, or are supposed to breathe, a short prayer to the protecting Power which has brought them to the close of another day. After a short, a solemn, and not an unpleasing pause, the men bow and put on their hats, the women uncover their faces, the carriages drive on, and the whole crowd is again in motion as before. This is one of the few Catholic customs which appears to partake of piety without superstition, and divested of altars, candlesticks, tapers and images. I felt no reluctance to uncover my head among the crowd under so noble a canopy as the vault of Heaven, where some of the stars already begin to appear. These around me mutter a petition

or a thanksgiving to their favourite saint, or to the Mother of God; but I have only a heretic though heartfelt prayer to offer for those far distant from me, a parent, a brother, a sister, or a friend.

The Manzanares, although in summer a mere rivulet, is yet of great importance to a large city, situated in the middle of an arid country, and in a warm climate. As the heat of the summer increases, it is carefully husbanded, and led into narrow channels, where several hundreds of washerwomen are constantly seen employed. In one of these channels square holes are dug, and little huts covered with mats erected over them. These are the baths of Madrid, and as the stream, though small, keeps perpetually running through them, they may well supply the place of more elegant edifices. In the month of September these are struck, one after another, unless perhaps a solitary one remains until heavy rains among the hills swell the Manzanares into a torrent, and in a night's

time sweep away all vestiges of these summer structures. These however seldom come unawares. For several days large clouds collect on the summits of the Guadiana mountains, and announce by their thick darkness, and vivid flashes of lightning, the heavy rains which are falling near the sources of the river. The distant thunder is faintly heard to roll among the vallies, and a few drops of rain even reach as far as Madrid: but in the morning the air, which for several days has been oppressive, becomes cool and refreshing, and the inhabitants with some satisfaction desire a stranger to go and see their river, the Manzanares.

The country around Madrid presents in summer a parched and barren appearance. Immediately after passing through most of the gates we enter as upon a desert, and look in vain, except toward the Manzanares, for woods, or even trees, except near gentlemen's seats, farm houses or pleasant villages. Of these last a few

are seen at a distance in various directions; but of a dull and melancholy appearance. The towns and villages of Spain may be compared almost universally to islands in the midst of the ocean, where you travel from one to the other, without seeing any intermediate object that recalls the idea of human habitation. From Lisbon to Madrid, excepting two or three gloomy castles, there is not a single gentleman's seat visible on the road. The ancient periods of internal war and rapine seem to have left so strong an impression on the minds and customs of the people, that they are afraid to inhabit except near to each other, and in clusters for mutual protection. Hence there is scarcely a pleasant walk in the neighbourhood of Madrid. The most interesting is that on the north side; for although the country is perfectly open, yet the range of the Guadarama mountains, the nearest of which are about twenty miles distant, presents at all times a grand object. If the

sky is clear, we contemplate with pleasure their bold outlines, the deep shades which mark their vallies, and their prominent distant cliffs, enlightened by the sun. Their appearance is still more interesting when shrouded, almost to their bases, in clouds and rolling storms; and in winter their summits are covered with snow. Of a different nature is a walk of a few miles along the borders of a canal planted with trees, and not worthy of being mentioned, except as the only one of its kind near the city. This canal was begun with great eagerness and great magnificence. It was destined to open a communication between the capital and the eastern provinces; but particularly with the rivers which take their rise in the mountains on the borders of Arragon, namely the Tagus running to the westward, and the Guadalaviar and Jucar which fall into the Mediterranean, opposite to the islands of Ivica and Majorca. Reservoirs were sketched out among the Guadarama mountains, to col-

lect and preserve the winter rains ; several miles of the canal were dug, furnished with two or three locks, and planted along the borders with trees ; but by some fatality the project is still incomplete, or rather has been abandoned for a new one. The traveller toward San Ildefonso or Segovia beholds the ruins of immense mounds across the vallies destined as reservoirs, or if at Madrid, may walk a few miles under the shades of trees, along the banks of a stagnant canal, and he has then seen all that exists of this mighty project, the advantages of which to Spain were to have been incalculable. A third walk is along the great road leading to San Ildefonso, and the Escorial. It runs for some distance along the Manzanares, shaded by trees, and after walking a few miles, we arrive at a small wood, the only one near Madrid. Here the citizens, both men and women, resort on their holidays in great numbers, forming cheerful parties under the shade of the trees, where they come

and eat their dinners with a better relish than at home. As the Spanish women of all ranks are wholly free from reserve, they sing and laugh, and joke with the passing stranger, whom they never fail to offer a share of their repast.

The air of Madrid is remarkably pure and healthy, arising from its being situated at a much greater height above the level of the sea than any other capital in Europe. Nothing can exceed the delightful coolness of the mornings, or the brilliancy of the stars at night. The moonlight evenings above all are delicious, almost beyond what we can form an idea of, even from the finest frosty nights of England. It is on such nights that the soul of the stranger is filled with a secret pleasure, whilst he beholds so mild a light, and breathes so pure an air. It is on such nights that the lover places himself beneath the window of his mistress, and to his tinkling guitar sings his hopes and fears, the pangs of jealousy, or the pleasures of

mutual affection. If she be not unkind, the casement is opened and shut at intervals, to shew that he is heard, and even this slight proof of regard delights him.

The whole population of Madrid, consisting of about two hundred and fifty thousand souls, may be said to be merely an appendage to the court, the absence of which is immediately and sensibly felt. In order to break, or rather to prevent the reviving of, the ancient feudal spirit, the crown insists upon the whole of the Spanish nobility residing in the capital; and what was at first a political institution has now become so much a fashion, that a banishment to the country is considered as a most grievous punishment. From this great concourse of nobility, the manners even of the lower classes partake of much urbanity, yet in some points mixed with an attention to punctilios. If two porters meet, they do not fail to salute each other with the title of *senor* and *cavallero*, but all ranks are jealous of giving the wall in

walking the streets, and duels have not unfrequently taken place on this account. Assassinations are however less frequent, considering the population, than in most of the great towns in Spain.

In their diet the citizens are temperate and uniform. The universal and regular dish for all ranks, is the Poteheiro, a kind of stew of meat and an excellent species of large pea which grows in the utmost perfection near San Ildefonso; with by far the greater part, this forms the whole of the dinner, and is truly a national dish, being regularly served every day at the king's table, as well as at that of the poorest mechanic. In most of the other articles of their cookery oil is greatly used, and that in general of a very indifferent quality; indeed they use the same for their kitchens as for burning in their lamps. The oil of Valencia is excellent, but that is never met with on the roads, and an Englishman is astonished to find that, except at Madrid, he cannot obtain, at any

price, such good oil as is commonly used in London. There are some landlords that draw their wine and their vinegar from the same cask ; but all of them draw the oil for their lamps and their ragouts from the same jar ; with such oil, water, vinegar, garlick and bread, cut small and mixed up cold together, a Spaniard forms a mess, with which he appeases his hunger for the whole day. On the road from Lisbon, hunger, thirst, and fatigue made us relish these kinds of bread and water sallads, but when placed before us at Madrid, although made of better materials, we hardly deigned to look at them. Two other great ingredients in Spanish cookery are, the tomata or love apple, and the green pepper pod. The former stewed, and the latter boiled, and eaten with bread, form in their seasons very material articles of the food of the lower classes. The tomata is indeed in general use over all the countries of the Levant ; although pulpy, and possessing very little

nourishment, and generally unpleasant in the taste to strangers. It may here be observed, that the markets of Madrid are scantily enough supplied with meat, but plentifully with vegetables and fruits; of the latter, the grapes, melons, peaches and cherries are delicious. In their great entertainments, they are fond of bringing in one dish after another; reserving what they esteem the best to the last, as if they delighted in taking their guests by surprise, enticing, and in a manner forcing them to eat more, after being already satisfied. During dinner they drink plentifully enough of wine diluted with water, and a few bottles of French wines terminate the repast. After rising from table, coffee is served round, and the party breaks up. Most of the guests retire to their siesta or afternoon's nap, universal throughout Spain; and in the evening fresh parties are again formed, either for cards, the Prado, or the theatre. As the poteheiro is the general dinner, so a sin-

gle cup of chocolate, with a little bread, is the universal breakfast of the Spaniards; after which they drink a glass or two of cold water. Whenever they travel they carry chocolate with them, and when they can procure nothing else, with a little warm water and some bread, they make a kind of meal with which they are contented. Yet I have had many occasions to remark, that their temperance is perhaps, in general, more constrained, than constitutional or voluntary. At all public tables I have seen that a Spaniard eats full as much as the foreigner alongside of him. In the use of wine they are certainly temperate, and a drunken Spaniard, even of the lowest class; is scarcely ever seen in the streets of Madrid. To atone for this, they smoke immoderately, and at all hours, from their first rising to their hour of going to bed. They do not use pipes, but smoke the tobacco leaf itself rolled up, or cut small and wrapped in a slight covering, such

as paper, or the thin leaves of maize. Great quantities of tobacco thus prepared are imported from the Havannah, under the name of cigars, in slight cedar or mahogany boxes, containing a thousand each. Those wrapt in the leaf of maize are called pachillos, or little straws, and are chiefly smoked by the women, for whose use also others are formed of white paper, ornamented with a kind of gold wire. I have seen women of some rank playing at cards, and smoking these pachillos. The great Duchess of Alva, one of the most sensible and noble spirited women that Spain has produced for many years, was fond of using them.

The amusements are now much the same as in other parts of Europe, and contain little that is national, since the suppression of the bull-fights by the present king. Humanity was the motive alleged for this suppression; but it is said to have been occasioned by the people's loudly expressing their dissatisfac-

tion at some orders given by him relative to the management of a fight where he was present. The murmur was called a mutiny: Despotism was alarmed; and either to shew his power or his fears, the king at once forbade this favourite diversion of a great people. The heat of the climate discourages athletic exercises; walking on the Prado, riding in carriages, cards, smoking, and billiards, are therefore the principal amusements of the inhabitants of Madrid. Their theatres are seldom thronged but on the representation of a new piece; and the public taste is certainly here not very correct, and often applauds not merely buffooneries, but indecency. Translations from Kotzebue and the German dramatists have also found their way to the Spanish boards, and, although favourably enough received, have not been crowned with that madness of applause, which some years ago disgraced the public taste of England. They are fond of dramas taken from their own his-

tory, and I have seen a Spanish audience kindled into a momentary enthusiasm by the representation of the brave actions of a Cortez, or a Pizarro; or melted into tears at the sight of Columbus in chains, whilst he related what he had done for his country, and reproached an ungrateful court for his unrewarded services, and unmerited sufferings. The play is generally followed by a dance of one or two persons, and is either the Fandango or Bolera. The former is not very decent, but the latter, in which the dancers keep time with their castanets, is pleasing. The people are astonishingly fond of both, and although the dance lasts but a very short time, appear often to derive more pleasure from it than the whole of the play. The dress of the female dancers is that of the Andalusian women, carried to excess in ornaments, spangles, and fringes, but producing a rich and seductive effect.

With respect to the public buildings of Madrid, it does not enter into the plan

of this hasty journal to enumerate them. Suffice it to observe, that there is scarcely a church or a convent that does not contain some peculiarity of architecture, some picture, statue, or column worthy of being seen. The palace of the Retiro, and still more the new palace, contains many curiosities and valuable paintings. The latter, like many great Spanish undertakings, remains unfinished; if completed it would certainly be the most magnificent palace in Europe, and its situation on the brow of a hill, fronting the Manzanares, adds an effect still more imposing. Above all, the royal museum must not pass unnoticed: Here there is no need of tickets or money to gain admission. It is open on certain days in the week, and at stated hours, during which every person of a tolerably decent appearance is admitted. The collection of animals, birds, ores, spars, and other articles of natural history, is not perhaps superior to those of many other countries;

but the curiosities from South America, and which are shewn apart, are such as can no where else be found. Not only the skins of animals and birds, peculiar to that Continent, are there preserved, but the arms, dress, and utensils of the ancient Peruvians. Among these may be observed their great standard, and the drinking-cup of Montezuma formed of a single precious stone, and his golden sceptre. The sight of these trophies, purchased at the expense of so much innocent blood, awakens deep reflections in the mind.

The religious processions are managed here with great magnificence, and may indeed be termed one of the principal amusements of the people. Sometimes it is the relique of a martyr, sometimes of a female saint, and even of an apostle, or a primitive father of the church. The invaluable skull, or arm, or finger is carried through the streets encased in gold, and covered with a canopy, and the people throw themselves on their knees

as it approaches them. But great is the joy when the entire body of a saint, or a whole bag of holy bones is the subject of the piece. Notice is publicly given of the streets through which the procession is to pass, and the inhabitants hang over their balconies rich carpets and velvet curtains, at the same time that they are crowded with women dressed in their finest cloaths. First marches a band of music playing solemn tunes; then choristers who chaunt anthems, and they are followed by a long double row of monks, with lighted tapers, and generally cloathed in white. At length appears the holy relic, carried by six or eight sturdy priests, on a shrine of massy silver, and shaded from the night air by a rich canopy of silk. A priest precedes it, swinging a silver censer, which throws out clouds of perfume, and walking backwards, that he may not seem to shew any disrespect to the sacred bones. A company of soldiers with fixed bayonets closes the procession; and happy are they

who are chosen for this service, not only on account of the holiness of the office, but also because they are paid a quarter of a dollar each. A vast crowd of both sexes, and of every age and condition, follow the whole with heads uncovered. I saw the reliques of Santa Barbara thus carried and thus attended. It was on the very same day and hour, some thousand years ago, as every body well knows, that she was carried up into Heaven, being a particular favourite of the Holy Virgin. Fortunately she left behind her all her cloathes, even to the shoes on her feet, and the jewels in her hair, and which it need not be doubted have ever since been scrupulously preserved. The place of the body was supplied by the image of a handsome young woman, richly dressed, reposing on a couch of silver, and her head encircled with golden rays; but I was astonished to find that female dress had undergone so little variation in Spain for these last thousand years. Santa Barbara

might have gone to court without being stared at, and even her shoes, which were of red Morocco leather, I should have imagined had been made only a few days before, had not two long rows of tapers, a band of soldiers, and a kneeling multitude, sufficiently proved that they could not be less than a millenium old. A church had been previously illuminated, and prepared for her reception, and rockets were fired in constant succession, until she was safely lodged before the grand altar. Here she lay in state, until at least one fourth of the population of Madrid had passed in review through the church, and paid their devotions at her shrine. I held up a little girl in my arms, that she might see over the heads of the crowd, and during this time some pious Spaniard took an opportunity of picking my pocket, under the very nose of Santa Barbara. This was the price I paid for beholding the mummeries played off before this great wooden doll. I was hardly less fortunate

on another occasion. Returning home one evening, I noticed a croud at the corner of a street listening to a friar, who was haranguing them from under the pent-house of a door: Full of curiosity, I mingled with the rest, and heard a serious discourse, solemnly delivered. Toward the close of his harangue, however, he tapped on the door behind him; a small wicket in it was opened, and a crucifix and lighted taper were handed out: These he held up with vehemence, and gestures, and exclamations, and in an instant down came all present on their knees, except myself, who remained standing for a few moments, surprized by the unexpectedness of the manœuvre. A violent tug on the coat however, was soon a sufficient hint, and I was obliged to kneel in the dirt among the rest. But after this I took great care to avoid all such pious crouds.

I have now related all that particularly struck me during my stay at Madrid. As a capital I admire it as being the centre

of the kingdom, in a clear and healthy air, well built, plentifully supplied with pure water, and ornamented with several public works, which bespeak a national character aiming at greatness. But I am grieved to see new palaces building, while canals are left unfinished under the walls of the town, and in a climate where they might be rendered of such vast utility. I sufficiently esteem the manners of the inhabitants; but I regret to find their most private conversations cramped by the fear of speaking any thing which might come to the ears of a jealous government. I feel myself like all the rest, merely an appendage, and one of the slaves of the court. Spies wrapped up in large cloaks stand at the corners of all the streets. Men converse here in whispers and shrugs, and I am tired of being constantly reminded by my friends, that I must not speak with so much freedom. The court is about to leave Madrid, and the objects of my journey render it proper

that I should follow it. Let us see whether the atmosphere of slavery extends to the king's country seats and pleasure grounds.

CHAP. III.

*San Ildefonso. Segovia. The Escorial,
and Toledo.*

ALTHOUGH Madrid be the Metropolis of the kingdom, it may be rather termed the centre of the seat of government than the seat itself, which is regularly shifted, according to the different seasons of the year, to San Ildefonso, the Escorial, and Aranjuez. On the 10th September I took the road to the first of these places, where the court then was.

It is situated about fifty miles to the north of Madrid, on the opposite side of the Guadarrama. Ten or twelve miles from this town we begin to ascend the bases of those high mountains, which here form the natural line of separation between new and old Castile. They appear to con-

sist chiefly of granite, of which we behold immense detached blocks, as we approach the small town of Guadarrama, distant thirty miles from Madrid. Proceeding toward the summits of these mountains we find them bare in some parts, in others covered with forests of oak, beech, and cork trees. Some tracts are distinguished by forests of pines, which, although they approach the other species of wood, are still so clearly separate, as to mark a radical difference in the soil. After reaching the summit, we see below an astonishingly deep valley, the sides of which would be almost too steep, even for goats, were they not covered with pines and lower bushes. This valley has all the appearance of an enormous crater. The road which leads to the bottom is cut in a zig-zag form, and supported in many parts by stone walls or terraces. There are also several handsome fountains near the road, where the traveller may stop to refresh himself under the shade of trees. It was my intention

to have performed this journey on foot, but this plan of travelling was represented to me as so very dangerous, that I adopted the common mode. This is either in a calèche or kind of heavy open chaise drawn by one horse or mule ; or in a coach with three or four. In the latter case the Muleteer waits till he has collected a sufficient number of passengers with whom he makes separately the best bargain he can. These coaches are also heavy, and so inconvenient that four men are not at ease in them. We left Madrid at four in the morning, and, after stopping all night upon the road, reached San Ildefonso the next day about eleven o'clock. For this I paid seven Spanish dollars ; such is the rate of this mode of travelling, exclusive of the necessary expenses at one or two miserable inns on the road.

San Ildefonso, or as it is sometimes called, La Granja, is a kind of royal village, having become of consequence entirely from one of the kings of Spain

having chosen this spot to form a country residence. It is situated at the foot of a very lofty and steep conical hill, covered with trees, and connected with the still loftier mountains of Guadarrama. The king's palace, the public offices, and the barracks of the guards, form three sides of an oblong, of which the palace is the head. The lower end is enclosed by a handsome iron railing with gates, and the ground is here still sufficiently high to command a view over all the plains approaching to Segovia. Within these gates are the royal manufactories of glass and various other articles, which the king endeavours to monopolize. The consequences of this foolish plan, of a king becoming a manufacturer, and retailing wine-glasses by the dozen, are such as might be expected. The establishments are maintained at an immense expense, and with a great annual loss. Mirrors excepted, the articles in general are not better, nor even equal to those

made in other countries; and individuals are effectually deterred from undertaking speculations profitable to their country, while their monarch can come into the market, and magnanimously sell his goods for less than they cost him. This, among a thousand other instances, may serve to shew how little the very elementary principles of political economy are understood in this country.

Leaving then the manufactories, let us visit the great ornaments of San Ildefonso, namely, the gardens and water works, the latter of which are said to be equal or superior to those of Versailles. The first are formal, cut into parterres, and ornamented with leaden statues and vases; but the latter, when playing, are certainly magnificent. One, called the fountain of fame, throws up a considerable column of water to the height of fifty feet, and is then clearly visible from Segovia, at the distance of ten miles. To supply the different fountains a reservoir is

formed at the head of the gardens, which lie on a continual ascent. This reservoir is called by the pompous name of el Mar, or the sea; although it is not superior in extent to many artificial pieces of water in gentlemen's seats in England. Notwithstanding the depth, which is considerable, it does not furnish water sufficient to make all the fountains play more than two or three times in a year, one of which is always fixed for the great feast of St. John. A stream of very clear water rises among the mountains or rather rushes immediately from them, and falls into the reservoir, which is kept at a regular height by sluices. This water, although so pure, is found to disagree very much with strangers; probably because being so near the source, and running between steep and dark banks, always shaded, it is not sufficiently purified by exposure to the sun and air; and, as the Spanish physicians say, comes crude to the stomach. Almost immediately above the reservoir, the hill

risers exceedingly steep and high, to a sharp and conical summit. In the woods which grow near the foot of this hill, large inclosures are made to confine the game, in shooting which the king takes great delight. Considerable tracts of ground are also appropriated to this purpose in various directions. The prado or public walk of San Ildefonso is part of the great road leading to Segovia, and is shaded on both sides with trees. There is also a handsome little theatre, to which the best performers from Madrid repair; but these were not to me objects of much curiosity.

On the 15th September, in the afternoon, while the Spaniards slept, I ascended the mountains, at the bases of which the place is situated. Fearing that I might be attacked, concerning which I received frequent cautions, I carried my pistols with me. A winding path leads up the side, which however I did not follow, but went straight up, and in this manner I

found the ascent very steep and difficult. In two hours and a half I reached the summit, but could thence discern but little more, as to the direction of this chain of mountains, than what is visible from below, at a small distance from their base. To my eyes the whole bear evident traces of volcanic origin, of which the steep conical hill immediately behind the Sitio or royal seat, is not the least. From among these mountains, to the eastward of San Ildefonso, the water rises, which is conveyed in the Roman aqueduct to Segovia. When half-way up the mountain, I had a fine view of that old town situated in the middle of large plains about nine miles from the Sitio.

The Guadarrama mountains are said to be a branch of the Pyrenees, and even to extend to the westward beyond the frontiers of Portugal. Is this so? At any rate, they are at a great height above the level of the sea, and the snow lies on them for eight months in the year, namely, from October

to May. They present also from their summit many singular views, which well repay the trouble of ascending them. Toward sunset I descended, and about eight o'clock reached my posada or inn, having employed on the whole between five and six hours.

To be so near Segovia, and not to have seen it, would have been unpardonable, and I took an early opportunity of visiting it. It was past mid-day before I set off, and after an easy ride I reached it at two o'clock by a good broad road, bordered at the beginning with trees, but through an open and badly cultivated country. Segovia retains more traces of the Moors than any town I have yet seen in Spain. The inn where we put up, had no doubt been formerly a magnificent abode, being built in the form of a hollow square, with an arcade round the interior, supported by pillars in the Moorish, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, the eastern taste. The cathedral is little more than two hun-

dred and fifty years old, but is built in the gothic style; with a simplicity and grandeur which clearly shew, that the race of architects, who erected similar magnificent and singular piles all over Europe, was at that period not yet extinct. Its internal decorations are also not unworthy of notice, particularly a beautiful marble statue of St. John, and a group of figures carved in wood in a most admirable style. In a small room or chapel there is a roof carved with great taste, and adorned with pure white and burnished gold. It appeared to me that I had never seen any thing more elegant, nor gold better employed. On leaving this chapel, I took a last view of the lofty arches of the cathedral, and from thence repaired to the alcazar or castle. This is built upon a rock, surrounded by a deep natural fosse, except where it is joined, if I may so say, to the main land by a causeway, in which is cut a deep ditch with a draw-bridge. The situation greatly resembles that of

Edinburgh castle, and I do not doubt owes its origin to the same natural causes. Here is kept a military school for young men destined to form officers of artillery, and a collection of plans of fortifications, models of military engines, and the best books relating to the art of war. The roofs of many of the chambers where these are kept, are adorned in the same manner as that of the chapel of the cathedral, being fretted with gold. They were also bordered with inscriptions, in characters which appeared to me very similar to those of the ancient Saxons; but which were equally unintelligible to my guide and myself; he affirmed however, that the Russian ambassador, when there, decyphered the characters, although he did not understand the language in which they were written. We were shewn a window looking over the steepest part of the rock, out of which, in former times, a young prince of Spain fell, and was dashed to pieces. No doubt this narra-

tive tended to increase still more the effect produced by looking down the precipice ; but I felt also another cause, which heightened to me the effect of the whole Alcazar. It was in a room on the top of this tower that my old friend Gil Blas was confined, and where he passed so many mournful hours of imprisonment. Upon reflection it appeared strange to me that even a known fiction should add to the interest of such a place.

Having visited all the interior of the Alcazar, I went, before quitting Segovia, to take a last look at the Roman aqueduct, which still conveys the water to the town. It is first seen to the left of the high road from San Ildefonso ; but inspires no idea of grandeur till we reach the centre of Segovia : There it stretches across a steep valley ; at the bottom, and along the side of which, part of the town is built, and consists of two rows of arches, one above the other, amounting in all to one hundred and seventy-five in number. The

style of these arches is the same as that of the bridge of Merida, and it appears astonishing how such a mass of stones should hang together as it were in the air, for so many centuries. The greatness of this immense pile is contrasted by the narrow streets and dark houses which cluster round the bases of the arches. To deserve such a work, Segovia must have been a situation of great importance in the eyes of the Romans. It is still a large town, considering the general size of towns in the interior of Spain, and was doubtless placed here on account of the strong situation of the castle, which must have been nearly impregnable before the use of artillery. In modern times its chief support is the trade in wool. The small stream which rises in the Guadarrama mountains, and runs in the bottom of the valley past the town, possesses the property of cleansing wool better than any other water in Spain. Hence the Lavadero, or

great washing place is the most noted in Europe.

Returning to my posada, I noticed the figure of an animal, seemingly a large boar, formed of a basaltic stone, and resembling in the style of carving, the two military figures which were dug up at Montalegre, and now stand at the entrance of the botanical garden of Belem, near Lisbon. This most antique figure, which is clearly neither of Grecian, Roman nor Moorish workmanship, is most probably a relic of the Carthaginians or ancient Spaniards. In any other country of Europe it would have been placed on a pedestal, and honoured with inscriptions, and profound conjectures as to its origin. In Segovia it is half-buried in the earth, and serves as a public and common seat. Perhaps, however, it may some day rise from its degraded state, and give birth to dissertations as learned as those on the watering-trough coffin of Alexander.

On my road back, in the cool of the evening, I met the whole royal procession of carriages, horses, and attendants. As they rode up and down, the royal family went through the same ceremony of nods and smiles as on the Prado of Madrid, and I soon found that the court was the same every where.

Toward the close of this month, September, the seat of government was again removed, and fixed at the Escorial. This great building, it is well known, was erected by Philip the Second, in consequence of a vow made by him, during, or previous to the battle of Pavia, which he gained against the French, greatly by the assistance of his English auxiliaries. It is a quadrangular pile, about thirty miles from Madrid, situated at the southwest base of high hills, which form a branch of the Guadarrama range. Within the same building are contained a palace sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of the whole court of Spain; a large

church with a noble dome, a whole convent of the monks of St. Lawrence, with all the appendages to three such institutions, on the grandest scale. The library of the convent is most magnificent, and contains many valuable ancient Spanish and Arabic manuscripts: Let me here observe, that I consider Spain as a rich literary mine in these two branches, which, as yet, has been scarcely opened.

The church is in some measure an appendage to the convent, and wherein the monks perform their religious rites; yet if placed apart, it would form a striking building, and might rank in the class of the great churches of Europe. I happened to be present on the day of San Lorenzo, or St. Lawrence, when, of course, all the magnificence of the institution was displayed. The choir, the solemn organ, the multitude of priests and monks, of whom I counted upward of two hundred, with lighted tapers in their hands; the marble pillars, the painted

roofs all, in short, conspired to form a great whole, compared with which every religious ceremony I had yet seen was but of little interest. I know not what traveller has given it as his opinion, that the building was very splendid in its interior decorations, but exceedingly heavy as a whole. I never yet have seen a building so simple without the least heaviness. The stone also of which it is built, and which is brought from the neighbouring mountains, preserves its freshness in such a manner that, although upward of two hundred and ten years have elapsed since the erection of the convent, it appears as if newly built. Although the ground plan of the whole in some measure resembles the form of a gridiron, on which St. Lawrence is said to have been roasted to death; this fanatic idea would never occur to any person at the sight of it, if not previously informed that such was the plan, and even then very imperfectly. Two huge stone gridirons are also carved on the great front

near the principal entrance, and the same ornament is repeated in several instances in the interior. This small absurdity however is lost in the greatness of the whole. The roof of the choir is painted full of figures singing and playing on a thousand different instruments, and from below they almost appear to form one body with the monks occupied in the musical part of the ceremony. On a nearer approach, however, it is seen that the whole is in a very bad taste, and the monstrous and impious absurdity of daring to sketch a figure of the Supreme Being is exhibited here, and in several other parts of the church. This is an example of human folly which puts me out of all patience whenever I see it, although Raphael himself has fallen into it. I must own that I was in some measure prepared to think well of the religious ceremonies of the Escorial.

Early in the morning of this day I ascended to a considerable height up the hills, whence, shortly after sun-rise, I heard

the chiming of the convent bells, which played several pleasing tunes then popular in Madrid. The effect of these sounds among such wild and barren mountains was beyond all description pleasing. When I first approached the Escorial, I could not help condemning without mercy the miserable taste and perversion of thought that could conceive the idea of erecting such a pile in a spot so barren, and in a manner abandoned by nature. But now upon mature reflection, especially after hearing such sweet and solemn sounds arising as if by magic amid rocks and deserts, I altered my opinion, and could not but regard the whole as a work not only worthy of a king, but of a great king. In less than an hour one may ascend from the convent to the summit of that branch of the Pyrenees on the lowest slope of which it is built. What reflections does not such a walk give rise to?

The water which rises among these hills is still more disagreeable in its effect

on strangers than that of San Ildefonso; but the good fathers of the convent do not seem to suffer much from it; probably through habit, or because some spots at the foot of the hill produce a very good kind of wine, which by way of not being idle, they cultivate with great care. These monks are very attentive to strangers, being careful to shew them all the riches of the place, and which may in some measure be said to belong to themselves. This species of hospitality, real or affected, is one of the few virtues generally attached to the monastic profession. From one of the windows of the convent there is a fine view over the whole country as far as Madrid, the spires of which are clearly distinguishable.

Whilst at the Escorial I received information which might be reckoned conclusive as to the objects of my journey, and I accordingly returned to Madrid. A few leisure days however intervening before the arrival of the post, I employed them

in a visit to Toledo. For the purpose of conveying myself thither, I made use of a vehicle so often to be seen on the roads of Spain. This was a heavy calèche, drawn by one mule, which continued all the way from Madrid to Toledo, and from Toledo back again to Madrid, with a happy uniformity of pace, notwithstanding the heavy showers of blows which at regular intervals descended upon its crupper. This was so tedious that I went on foot the greater part of the way, and even then was frequently obliged to stop till my vehicle came up. In this manner it took twenty-four hours to reach Toledo, allowing three or four for resting at a miserable inn upon the road.

This ancient city stands upon a conical hill, within an angle of the Tagus, about fifty miles to the south-west of Madrid. The road for almost the whole of this distance is through an open country, which in many tracts exhibits signs of great fertility, although there are only

four or five villages between the two cities. Of these Getafe, Illescas and Cavañas are of some note. As we approach Illescas we have a view of a singular steep and detached mountain with a flat summit, at some distance to the left of the highway. Near Toledo the road constantly descends till we approach the town, which we enter under old gateways, and between ancient statues of saints and kings. Toledo bears all the marks of fallen greatness. It is built, as has been already mentioned, upon a steep conical hill, round the base of which the Tagus winds in such a manner as to form it into a kind of small peninsula, across the isthmus or neck of which are still the remains of lofty walls. In ancient times its situation and fortifications must have rendered it almost impregnable. The Alcazar or castle, is a large plain building of stone, but containing little worthy of notice. Near it, however, and on the outside of several of the gates are statues of the old Goths,

Spanish kings, who for some centuries made Toledo the metropolis of their empire. On the pedestals are engraven inscriptions which mark their heroic exploits against the Moors, and generally terminate with an account of the pious monarch, after all his conquests, having laid aside his royal robes to become a monk, and of course a saint. But the chief ornament of Toledo is the cathedral, which is still the metropolitan church of Madrid, and consequently of the whole empire. Yet I must confess I was somewhat disappointed in my ideas of this building, so often described, and so highly celebrated. The greater part of it is certainly very ancient; but about three hundred years ago it was repaired, and what an inscription on the walls terms beautified and partly rebuilt. This rebuilding and beautifying has been executed by some one ignorant of the principles and true beauties of the Gothic architecture, so that it now exhibits, to

my eyes at least, a jumble of styles, which render it inferior to Westminster abbey, or the cathedral at York. The roof however of the Toledan cathedral is simple and elegant; but they totally deprive the whole of its ancient and venerable appearance by daubing all the interior over with white-wash, besides loading the walls with statues, shrines, relics, paintings, and gilded crucifixes. These, had they been employed in moderation and with judgment, might have been real ornaments; but they are in such profusion as greatly to diminish the simple and majestic effect which such a building is well calculated to produce. Besides the cathedral, there are several other ancient churches, particularly that of San Juan de los Reyes, or St. John of the Kings, a beautiful smaller Gothic church, not chargeable with the same defects as the cathedral.

The banks of the Tagus above the town are very steep and romantic, being

composed of granite rocks, which in some parts rise from the water without a break to the height of two hundred feet. In other parts great masses have fallen down, and soil having collected in their cavities, they are cloathed with bushes and small trees. The general appearance however of both banks is a bare and rugged grey rock. At a little distance below the town, on the contrary, the banks become almost level, and from the high streets of Toledo we may behold the windings of the river for many miles. There are two bridges thrown across in such a manner, that by crossing one, and keeping along the opposite bank, there is a fine view of the whole town, which we enter again over the other. Opposite to the lower of these old bridges are the ruins of a strong castle upon a height, forming an outwork to the town on this side.

Upon the whole, I bade adieu to Toledo with regret. It was long the seat of the Gothic monarchs in Spain, and,

from its situation, is certainly better adapted than Madrid to be the metropolis of the empire. Before the use of artillery its local advantages were many and valuable; and notwithstanding its present state of decay, when we reflect that Livy mentions it as a town, in a period of his history more than two thousand years ago, it is not improbable that it may still exist, when Madrid, the mere creation of caprice and despotic power, shall have dwindled to a village, or stand, like Palmyra, a landmark in the desert.

CHAP. IV.

Route from Madrid to Cadiz and Algeçiras.

THE morning after my return to Madrid, the English letters were arrived; having nothing farther to expect, I prepared to take the road to Algeçiras, in prosecution of the objects of my journey. In Spain the best mode of travelling for a man not incommoded with baggage is to ride post. This is under strict regulations, and is performed either on horseback, or in a low four-wheeled calèche, generally drawn by three mules. Before setting out it is necessary to have a licence from the post-master, which gives the traveller a right of insisting on the established regulations throughout the whole

of his route. For this licence he must pay two Spanish dollars, and for the first post double the usual price. On horseback the charge is about $\frac{3}{5}$ of a dollar per league, and including the gratuities to the guide or postillion at each post, and all other disbursements on the road, the expense of travelling in this manner in Spain may be computed at a dollar per league. It is best to carry your own saddle, especially for Englishmen, their mode of riding being different from that of most other nations. The saddles generally used in Spain are like those of the Moors, from whom they were no doubt borrowed, being cumbrous and high both behind and before, to give the rider a firmer seat. The stirrups are a kind of open wooden boxes, capable of receiving the whole foot, being a mere corruption of those used by the Turkish and the Asiatic cavalry, which are also broad and flat, being made of iron and sharpened at one corner, so as to supply the place

of spurs. The postillion carries the baggage before him, if it does not exceed forty pounds in weight ; but they are not scrupulous in taking more ; and as the post-horses are generally very good, there can be no mode of travelling more pleasant in fine weather.

On the 22d of October, in the afternoon, I leave Madrid. The guide carries my portmanteau, and flourishes a long whip, with which he may be said to be armed ; such is the force with which he seems to use it. Since leaving Lisbon, till now, I have scarcely seen a drop of rain ; but this very day the sky begins to be overcast with heavy clouds, and it is foretold that a wet journey awaits me. If however, I had needed any additional incentive, the current news of the day would have been sufficient. For a week past, it has been said, that positive orders have arrived from the French government, that the combined fleets should sail from Cadiz and give battle to the

English. A new French Admiral, who had arrived at Madrid, has again left it to supersede the present in command; and immediately upon his arrival in Cadiz it is expected the fleets will sail. If the English are off the harbour, perhaps I may arrive there in time to see the battle, nay, let it be only to hear the thunder of the cannon. With these ideas I bid adieu to Madrid; but cannot help noticing, more particularly now, the want of bustle and life in this city, since the noise of my postillion's whip, and the clattering of our horses over the stones, are sufficient to draw great numbers to the windows and doors of the streets through which we pass. It would hardly be excusable in a small village.

From Madrid to Los Angeles, the first post-house is two leagues and a half, or ten English miles. The post leagues are very seldom measured, being generally marked by computation, so that when enquiring about distances, the guide will

answer, that it is so many short, or so many long leagues. They are however, upon an average, fully four English miles, being seldom less, but often more. Los Angeles is merely two or three houses; but a neighbouring church, on a high ground, has some monkish tale of angels annexed to it; whence the name. The country presents nothing worthy of notice between Madrid and Los Angeles, nor even as far as Espartinas, the next post of three leagues. From Espartinas to Aranjuez, however, a distance of ten miles, we approach the banks of the Tagus, and the country assumes a pleasing appearance; seemingly better cultivated, and diversified with woods. The road running for several miles under avenues of trees, announces the approach to this favourite residence of the court. It is by far the pleasantest village or town, whatever it may be called, that I have yet seen in this country, and I am not surprized that the inhabitants of Madrid

should call it the garden of Spain. The Tagus being at this time swollen by the rain which had already begun to fall among the mountains near its source, swept along with a rushing noise underneath the bridge over which we entered the village. The king's palace is delightfully situated near the banks of this river, which are level and fertile, totally different from the romantic shape that they assume at Toledo, lower to the south-west. I cannot presume however to give any description of this Royal seat from merely passing through it. Even the temporary pleasure I enjoyed at seeing it was much diminished by the night drawing on dark and lowering; and before my new postillion was ready heavy drops had begun to fall. I rejoiced however to find myself well mounted, and we set off as usual at full gallop.

Immediately after leaving Aranjuez, we ascended a tolerably steep hill; but the road, as is universally the case near all the

royal seats, was excellent. We had not however long time to enjoy it, for a violent storm of wind and rain, which had been collecting for several hours, now broke upon us, and soon increased to such violence that the guide advised our return. This I refused, so that he had no resource but to make the best of his way through the rain, which fell in torrents, and so continued till we reached Ocana, a village on the top of a steep hill, two leagues from Aranjuez. It being now quite dark, and the storm continuing, I determined to remain here till day-break. As I had formed no expectations, I was not chagrined to find so few comforts in a Spanish inn. Although drenched to the skin, so that even my boots were filled with water, here was no cheerful fire, no clean room, no ready attendant. On each side of a large fire-place sat an old woman and her daughter cowering over two or three smoky bundles of wet brush-wood ; a chair, a table, and a small glim-

mering lamp formed the furniture; and here was all to which I had to look for comfort for the night. The old woman however received me very kindly, and shewed me to a room, which though also floored with earth like the kitchen, was better furnished, and provided with a bed. While I here changed my dress, she prepared my supper, which consisted of eggs fried in lamp oil, and together with coarse bread and garlick, formed a mess which a long fast and a ride of forty miles made me relish. When I was just ready to choke with thirst, my kind hostess again appeared, and set before me a small pitcher of wine, to wash down this precious composition. This formed my sole companion till I chose to go to rest, when, behold an alarming circumstance, and which might make a figure in romance. On removing a mat which lay at the bed-side, I found that it served to cover a hole; the entrance, as I saw by the help of my lamp, to a long dark vault. This, thought I im-

mediately, is to answer two purposes ; first for the murderers to come unawares upon the poor sleeper, and then to cast his body into. After some pause, I covered the hole as before, and then piled up all the chairs in the room upon it in such a manner that with the least motion they must have fallen ; then having bolted the door, I placed my pistols ready cocked under my pillow, and thus secured, in spite of daggers and pale-faced assassins, soon fell fast asleep. Nothing disturbed me till the break of day, when my postillion called me at the hour I had appointed. I then took an opportunity of examining this dreadful cavern ; and discovered, oh gentle reader ! that it was indeed no other than a large wine vault dug underneath the house, and the roof of which being only supported by beams of wood, had in some places decayed and fallen in ; so groundless are often our apprehensions.

Being again on horseback, a ride of three and a half leagues, or about fifteen

miles, brought us to the village of La Guardia, situated on the summit of a range of broken ground, which presents at a distance the most singular appearance of natural fortifications, with regular out-works. This range is separated to the north from the country over which I had passed by a deep and fertile valley, in which are several high detached mounts, with sharp summits. La Guardia is a miserable village; but the whole surrounding country is highly worthy of the attention of the naturalist. From La Guardia two leagues through an open country brings us to Tembleque, a small town situated in the plain, and near a lake formed by the rains which in winter descend from the neighbouring hills. Hence this lake constantly decreases as the summer advances, although now covered with large flocks of wild-fowl, attracted by the effects of the late rains. I noticed also, in crossing the plains between La Guardia and Tembleque, that the ploughs were every where in mo-

tion, to take advantage of the earth being softened by the first rains. From Tembleque I proceeded fourteen leagues farther that day, which brought me to Manzanares. In all this distance Madrideojos, four leagues from Tembleque, is the only place of any note; several of the other posts being merely single groups of two or three houses. During the greater part of this day I have a distant view of the Sierra Morena, or brown mountains; Sierra expressing their sawed or rugged appearance; and also cross some of the brooks which form the sources of the Guadiana. Manzanares is a small neat town, and carries on a considerable commerce with the neighbouring interior provinces, which, employing many carriers, gives the place some appearance of business. It stands upon a small stream which falls into the Guadiana at no great distance from its source. On my arrival, however, I was not much inclined to prosecute my enquiries in these points,

having ridden more than eighty miles that day; but was well pleased with the prospect of a tolerable supper, and some good wine, which the appearance of the posada seemed to promise. In this I was not disappointed, being soon served with a dish of sausages stewed in oil, with tomatas and green pepper pods. This dish was accompanied with excellent bread, good salad, fruit, and wine; and thus situated, what man alone could be more happy than solitary me. To crown all I retired to a decent bed; and early the next morning left my benediction upon Manzanares.

There are two posts, of two leagues each, between Manzanares and Valdepenas, a small neat town, surrounded by low sloping hills, of a reddish soil, and covered with vines. The wine made here is among the best in Spain, though little, if at all, known in England. When properly kept it has a taste something between Burgundy and Claret; and were it not for the flavour

of the skins in which the Spaniards preserve their wines, few in Europe would be superior to it. When will England and Spain come to understand the true relation in which they stand to each other; and how long will the former sacrifice the great and noble connections which she ought to form with this country, to the commerce of a subtle and ungrateful ally? To form the basis of these connections it is the wines and the productions of Spain that England should encourage, and not exclusively those of Portugal. But of this perhaps more hereafter.

From Valdepenas to Santa Cruz de Mudela, or the Holy Cross of Mudela, is another stage of two leagues. This ride is chiefly among low hills till we approach Mudela, the country round which is tolerably level. I cannot help noticing that the towns and villages through which I have lately passed are in general neater and better built than those on the road from Lisbon to Madrid. Here I could not obtain

horses till after waiting nearly four hours. In the mean time my hostess prepared for me a stew of a rabbit with beans, tomatas, garlick, and herbs; I never interfering with their cookery. As it had been raining the greater part of the morning, she placed the little stool with my dinner close to the fire, whilst she and her three daughters surrounded me, and asked an infinite number of questions about England. At two o'clock I was again on horseback, and prepared to enter the Sierra Morena, formerly so much dreaded by travellers, on account of the robberies and murders committed in it, that they never quitted Mudela until a sufficient number had collected to form a kind of caravan. They form here the division between La Mancha and Andalusia. A few miles from Mudela we enter, as it were at once, among these mountains, and are soon so surrounded by them that we lose for a time all trace of human habitation. Nothing can exceed their bleak and barren

appearance ; either covered all over with brown heath, or presenting at intervals masses of rocks, and the shattered sides of mountains, disclosing their inmost strata. But it is not till we have ascended considerably, and into the heart of these mountains, that we see all their grandeur. This is principally between the post-house of La Venta de Cárdenas, four leagues from Mudela, and the small village of Santa Elena, two leagues farther. Here, travelling along on excellent roads, we behold beneath us, on the left, a deep valley, strewn with immense masses of stone ; whilst, on the opposite side, the rocks project with peculiar grandeur, rising almost perpendicularly from their bases to the height of seven or eight hundred feet. Their dark grey surface is contrasted with the tall trees which clothe their base. A small stream runs in the bottom of the valley, and in summer hardly creeps among the broken rocks. But it was now a resistless torrent, tumbling down huge stones,

and dashing them against each other with violence and a sharp noise.

One circumstance was wanting to complete the sublimity of the scene; but it was only wanting for a short time. Dark clouds collected rapidly on the summits of the mountains, the lightning began to gleam, the bursting thunders seemed to roll down the vallies, and the rain fell in torrents. Such was the howling of the wind and rain that the noise of the torrent in the bottom of the valley was more faintly heard, and sounded as if removed to a greater distance. Oh for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa to sketch the pass of the Sierra Morena! What must it not have been before these excellent roads were formed, and when numerous bands of robbers infested the mountains? The small village of Santa Elena stands on the summit of the pass, and where indeed it may be said to end. From this height there is an extensive view in every direction; and the traveller retraces with plea-

sure his first entrance into the mountains, soon after leaving Mudela, until a constant ascent of nearly six leagues has brought him on a level with their summits. The whole of this road is excellent, especially where it leads in a zigzag up the sides of the steepest hills. From Santa Elena, we constantly descend towards the south or S. S. W. by a road equally excellent with that over which we have just travelled, until we reach La Carolina, a small neat village, at the distance of two leagues from the former. These two leagues still continue to present something striking to the traveller in Spain; namely, small white farm houses, with orchards, which have an effect doubly pleasing after passing through such barren scenery. One man, one good man, produced all this change. He was a physician, a man of science, who had long felt a secret indignation that such a disgraceful barrier as the dreaded Sierra Morena should exist between the capital and the southern and south-western

provinces. He surveyed the obstacles, formed a plan for removing them, and presented it to his government. Fortunately he was listened to; roads were opened, posts established, and, above all, colonies of industrious Germans invited to Spain, and planted among the mountains, where they preserve many of the manners and customs, and even much of the complexion and language of their country. Not only the villages of Santa Elena and La Carolina, but several others, as well as the detached houses, are entirely peopled by these colonists. On my arrival at the post-house of La Carolina, I was much pleased with this difference of manners, and of the interior regulations of the household. All the walls were white washed, and every utensil appeared bright and clean. The whole family was attentive to my wants; and at supper, instead of a ragout of oil and garlick, they set before me a German mess of fried bacon, eggs, and good cabbage. Heaven rest the soul of the pa-

triotic physician who settled these honest Germans amid the mountains of the Sierra Morena; for since my coming to Spain I have not made so good a supper as I have done this night,

25th.—I was this morning on horseback before day-break, and which had yet scarcely dawned when we reached Guarroman, which to judge by the appearance of the houses, is the last of the villages built for the German colonists. Here I overtook a Spanish officer of rank, travelling without ceremony, and attended by a single servant. He was a man who had seen much of the world, and politely expressed his regret that, though we were going the same road, his being in a Berlin, or Silla de Posta, prevented our keeping company. A ride of two leagues brings us to Baylen, a small town, upon a hill, and by the bustle which prevailed in it, apparently a place of some internal commerce. Not being able to procure fresh

horses, I proceeded with that on which I was mounted.

Immediately after leaving Baylen we enter upon a woody and broken country, much frequented by robbers, and which continues till we nearly reach La Casa del Rey, a solitary post-house, two leagues and a half from Baylen. Here I was again most unwillingly detained for want of horses, until the post or letter-carrier arriving, they found mules for it, and furnished me with a hobbling rozinante to accompany it. The letter bags are carried in a two wheeled tent cart, drawn by three mules, and in which two or three travellers, with their baggage, are sometimes stretched out, being unable, from the lowness of the tilting, to sit upright. As, however, they travel night and day, the Spaniards are astonished at the swiftness of its progress. I followed this vehicle for two and a half leagues, to Andujar; but it went so very tardily that I was obliged repeatedly

to stop my horse, that I might have the pleasure of a gallop in overtaking it. Andujar is a considerable town, situated in a plain, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, but has apparently once been a place of much greater consequence than at present, and has probably decayed ever since the expulsion of the Moors. The river has here many windings; but the banks being bare of trees, and the country round miserably cultivated, the beauty of their effect is greatly lost. While I stopped here to dine, having tasted nothing during the whole day, several of the town-officers came to examine my papers and passports. This office they performed with great civility; and it was the first and only time that a single question was put to me on that head during the whole route. After leaving Andujar we enter upon a plain, which extends to a great distance before us; and is bounded on the left by the Guadalquiver, and the small hills which rise from its opposite bank. As the river,

however, is seldom visible till we approach Aldea del Rio, or the village on the river, a distance of sixteen miles, although marked only three and a half leagues, this ride is barren and uninteresting; the pleasantest ride being when we look back upon Andujar and the distant mountains of the Sierra Morena. From Aldea del Rio to el Carpio, another long post of three and a half leagues, the country is more diversified with hill and dale, but still wanting in cultivation. About two leagues from Aldea del Rio, as we were ascending a small hill, I beheld two men, with long muskets, running as if to reach the summit before us. My guide called out that they were robbers, which appearing to me very probable, I prepared for their reception; and suffered him to advance about fifty yards in front. By this means I thought it not likely that the robbers would fall upon the guide, seeing that I was behind well mounted, armed and prepared, in case of need, to attack

them. Had we been close together, so that there might have been a chance of hitting us both, they would certainly have fired. As it was, they halted with the utmost composure, and leaned upon their long muskets while I passed. I held my right hand upon my pistol in the holster, and looked upon them sternly. My guide was already so far ahead with the baggage that it would have been needless to attack me. Their looks were wild and savage; their dress was composed chiefly of sheep skins, and besides their muskets and long knives, their girdles were stuck full of pistols. These were the only robbers I saw in Spain; and should any traveller find himself in similar circumstances, I recommend the plan which I adopted, and which I had previously determined to pursue. After this adventure I reached the post-house, which lies away from the town to the right, wet to the skin; and the night having come on dark and uncomfortable, with incessant rain, I determined to stop. The posada was nearly full of

company of various kinds. I easily found a room; but a chair, a table, and a lamp, were luxuries which well deserved waiting for. At length, my guardian angel at all Spanish inns, appeared to me in its usual shape of an old woman with a lamp in her hand. This she hung against the wall, without any fear of blackening it, where, after it had glimmered for about an hour, I was further provided with a wicker bottomed chair, a plank upon two cross sticks, called a table, a straw mattress, and a blanket. To my still greater satisfaction, my old woman also brought me a soup plate, filled with pieces of meat and broken bones, stewed with bad oil and garlick, followed by a salad, a loaf of brown bread, and some wine not very sour. Thus sumptuously treated, it was certainly my own fault if I did not make a good supper; but thanks to a ride of thirty miles, I could have put up with coarser fare. After supper, while sitting smoking a solitary cigar, two or three Spanish ladies and an

officer entered my apartment, with the little ceremony which most nations except the English use in entering each other's bed rooms. These ladies informed me, that as they slept in the next apartment, into which there was a door from mine, and had heard there was a stranger so near, they could not have slept without assuring themselves that the door was perfectly secure. For these apprehensions, after slightly examining the door, they begged me to excuse them, and having spent a great deal more time in looking at my pistols, saddle, and portmanteau, and asking numerous questions, their gentle bosoms were freed from all alarm on my account, and courteously wishing me good night, they retired. This may serve as an instance of the freedom of Spanish manners.

26th.—Early this morning was again on horseback, and after a ride of two and a half leagues, through an irregular country, but still miserably cultivated, arrived

at Casablanca del Rey, or the King's White House, a solitary post-house, not worthy of so sounding a title. Two and a half leagues further brought me to the ancient city of Cordova, close upon the Guadalquiver. This city, once the capital of the Moors, still preserves many traces of that people, particularly in the cathedral, with its numerous spiry turrets. The approach to it is pleasing; as from gently sloping heights we have a fine view of its walls and towers, and the windings of the river. But it may be still farther remarked, that the complexions of the people begin perceptibly to alter, not only here, but at Andujar, becoming browner, and marking either the influence of a warmer climate, or of different ancestors from the Spaniards of the interior and northern provinces. At Cordova we cross the Guadalquiver, on a fine old bridge; and looking back, behold the river running close under the walls of the town, and the minaret turrets of the cathedral

overtopping all. This town well deserves two or three days investigation; what shall I then presume to say of it who was there only two or three hours? After leaving Cordova, we see no more of the Guadalquivir, but soon enter on a more open and uncultivated country, which continues till we reach the solitary post-house of El Cortijo de Mangonegro, at the distance of three leagues.

Three leagues more brings us to la Carlota, a remarkably neat village, upon a height, with a very broad street through the centre, and furnished with a public library, the first I have seen in Spain. Whilst stopping here to eat, I hear that couriers from the coast have passed through, in all haste to Madrid. They talk confusedly of a great naval fight with the English, but reports concerning the issue are various. This only increases my eagerness to arrive at the coast. Four leagues from Carlota brings us to Ecija, through a diversified and pleasant country.

This is also a town founded by the Moors ; and is well built and pleasantly situated in a vale, through which runs a small river, the Genil, which after a farther course of about twenty miles, to the westward, falls into and greatly increases the Guadalquivir. Ecija is said to be the town of resort to many robbers, who find here a shelter little molested by the magistrates. However that may be, the banks of the river are here fertile and well cultivated, and the whole place has a thriving appearance.

From Ecija I proceeded onwards three leagues, to Lusiana, a small village, with a good post-house, and where I found more attentions than at any place on the road, except Carolina. Within the courtyard were several orange trees, covered with fruit, which was not the first indication of my approach to a warmer climate. During the whole of this day I have noticed several trees and shrubs, which flourish only in warm countries ; besides many common hedges of the aloe and euphor-

bium. At Lusiana fresh couriers have arrived with new details of this great naval battle, but it is now whispered that the English have gained the advantage, but with the loss of half their fleet. Cadiz, it is said, is full of wounded men. I can scarcely sleep all night; and agreeably to my desire am called before day-break.

27th.—In the night time information is received that there are robbers on the road; but that only retards us till the dawn of day. Three miles from Lusiana we meet the persons who had been robbed in a small pass on the top of a rising ground. They were peasants proceeding to market; and the robbers had not only taken away the grain which they were carrying, but their mules and horses, and carried all off, leaving them bound hand and foot. They were just relieved as we approached the spot; and told a melancholy tale of the robbers having plundered them of their all.

A ride of three and a half leagues, for the most part over open sandy plains, brought us to la Venta de la Portuguesa, a solitary post-house, in the middle of a flat and uncultivated country. Here I was detained for want of horses; but the disappointment was somewhat recompensed by my finding in this lonely house the Spanish officer whom I had seen at Guarroman. As he had travelled in a covered chaise, and could therefore proceed constantly, notwithstanding the rains and dark nights, I had as yet reached no further than him. We dined comfortably together, although it was only eleven o'clock; the officer furnishing some excellent ham, and the landlady, eggs and cookery. At my departure he gave me his card, begging me to detain horses or mules for him as I went along. From la Venta de la Portuguesa we ride two leagues over a flat country; another half league forms the ascent of the steep hill, on the summit of which stands Carmona, a

town whose walls and towers denote a place formerly of great strength, and yet of some consequence. After arriving at the post-house, I examined the card which I had received from the officer, and found from it that he was a general; and whose name shewed him to be of Irish extraction. On inquiry I was informed that he was going to Cadiz, and thence along the coast, to take the command of the Spanish army collecting in the north-eastern provinces, to join their French allies in Italy. I could not help thinking that a Spanish general, travelling with so little pomp, was worthy to command.

From Carmona two leagues brought me to Mayrena, a small town, near a stream, which falls into the Guadalquivir by Sevilla. Another stage of two leagues reaches to Alcala de Guadaira, pleasantly situated in a valley, and on the sides of several surrounding hills, and close upon the stream which runs past Mayrena. From Alcala the post for Cadiz goes to

Sevilla, distant two leagues, and then returns to Alcala. Thus to see Sevilla required a circuit of four leagues. Shall I confess that my eagerness to arrive on the coast prevented my making even this small delay, to see one of the most celebrated ancient cities of Spain, and which was the court residence of Ferdinand and Isabella when Columbus was brought home from the West Indies in chains! I was already mounted, when a Spanish Gentleman approached, and taking me for a Frenchman, addressed me in that language, and begged to know if I had seen General ——— on my route. Having satisfied him on this head, he talked on other topics, and exclaimed, "Ah, what a misfortune is this!" "How now, said I?" "Have you not heard of the misfortune of our fleet?" said he, still taking me for a Frenchman; "there has been a great battle with the English." Your Admiral Villeneuve is taken prisoner, Magon is killed, and poor Grayina is arrived in

Cadiz badly wounded. Poor Gravina! said I, hardly able to conceal my emotions, and I was already on the road preceding my guide. Three leagues along a flat and excellent road, though often sandy, and generally confined between hedges, brought me to Utrera, a small town, where I spent the night.

28th.—Early this morning am again on horseback, and after riding three and a half leagues, and being obliged to make a considerable circuit, on account of a small stream swelled by the rains to a torrent, reach el Ventorillo de las Torres de Locaz, a single post-house near an old tower. Another post of three and a half leagues is la Real Casa del Cuervo, also a solitary house in the midst of a wild country. Here I was again detained for want of horses; and to employ the time, with great difficulty procured an omlet of two eggs fried in lamp-oil, together with a small loaf of black bread, and a little sour wine. After waiting for three

hours, I agreed to pay the price of two horses for a single one, which I found in the stables, and to carry my portmanteau behind me. In this manner I set out alone, at the risk of losing my road, which for some time continued over hills and vallies, where the soil appeared a mixture of chalk and clay. At length I arrived at an open country, and the spires of Xérez de la frontera appeared at a distance over the plains, although the soil immediately near the road was sandy and uncultivated. This town is pleasantly situated in an open country, surrounded by gardens and vineyards, and upon a small stream which soon joins the Guadalete, a river which falls into the bay of Cadiz. The wines of Xérez are well known in England under the corrupted name of sherry, and the whole place has the appearance of thriving. Continued hedges of aloes and euphorbium, orange and lemon trees, and here and there two or three tall palms, announce the approach

to the warmer climate and flat country of the coast. Being without a guide, I left it to my horse to find the stable, which he did without any need of the spur, carrying me through half the streets of Xérez.

From Xérez we rode two and a half leagues to el Puerto de Santa Maria. This road is paved the whole of the distance: an immense flat lies on the left for the greater part of the way either marshy or intersected by ditches, and seems to indicate that the bay of Cadiz once extended many miles farther up the country than at present, and to the foot of the neighbouring hills. In another point of view, I have no doubt that this marsh is the primary cause of the terrible fevers which at times desolate Cadiz. About dark, and after passing through several heavy showers of rain, I arrived at el Puerto de Santa Maria, a handsome little town on the north-west side of the bay of Cadiz. The traveller has here a choice either to pro-

ceed by land along the head of the bay, through the isle of Leon to Cadiz, a distance of six leagues; or to take a passage in an open boat across the mouth of the harbour, Cadiz lying directly opposite to el Puerto. This latter mode I immediately preferred, the distance not being above two leagues; but the night was so stormy that not a boat would venture to cross. I found here a decent posada, and during supper, the attendant gave me a doleful narrative of the dreadful battle which had lately been fought. "The enemy," said he, "deceived us; they showed at first only an inferior number; but when the battle began, five and twenty fresh ships came and joined them. Only think of that! five and twenty fresh ships! By sea these English are innumerable, and fight well enough, but by land they can do nothing. *Oh no, par tierra no valen nada.*" With this consolatory idea, that although at sea the English were innumerable and fought tolerably, yet by land they could do

nothing, I swallowed my supper in peace; but my impatience to be at Cadiz still increasing, I slept but little this night.

The ensuing morning, being the 29th, I found several boats preparing to pass over to Cadiz, and accordingly placed myself in one of them with my saddle and portmanteau. I had not been long there before a number of sailors, some with small bundles, others with nothing on them but a pair of trowsers and a shirt, and others with their arms or heads bound up, came leaping one after another into the boat until it was quite full, and we put off. They were French sailors, whose vessel after escaping had been shipwrecked on the coast, and of eleven hundred men who composed the crew on the morning of the battle, only ninety-four, by their own account, had ever again reached the land. Soon after leaving the little creek on which el Puerto de Santa Maria is situated, we open the whole bay, and some of the terrible ef-

fects of the late battle became visible. On the north-west side, between el Puerto and Rota, lay a large Spanish ship, the San Raphael, seventy-four, broadside upon the rocks, bilged and the waves breaking over her. At the bottom of the bay was a large French ship, the name of which I have forgotten, aground, but upright. In the centre towards Cadiz lay a groupe of battered vessels, five or six in number, bored with cannon shot; some with two lower masts standing, others with only one and a piece of a bowsprit, and one without a single stump remaining from stem to stern. "That," said the French sailors, "was the ship of the brave Magon, and on board of which he was killed. A little before he died, he called for one of his surviving officers, and pressing his hand, "adieu my friend," said he, and expired." I felt the force of this tribute paid to the memory of a brave man by his countrymen; but remembering some of his narratives respecting the English,

recorded in the pages of the *Moniteur*, I could not help thinking, that a better acquaintance with those enemies might have taught him, if his soul was truly generous, to esteem and respect them. As the wind was contrary to our crossing over, the boat was obliged to make several tacks. In one of these we approached so near the shore, that we plainly discerned two dead bodies which the sea had thrown up. Presently one of a number of men on horseback, who for this sole purpose patrolled the beach, came up, and having observed the bodies, made a signal to others on foot among the bushes. Several of them came down and immediately began to dig a hole in the sand, into which they dragged the dead. Such is a faint account of the scenes to be observed in the bay of Cadiz eight days after the battle.

In approaching Cadiz by water, the view is grand and imposing. Its lofty ramparts of stone, surmounted by houses

and the spires of churches seem to rise out of the sea, as in fact they may be said to do; the town being built on the end of a long sandy island, running to the south-east, and communicating with the main land by means of a bridge. Within this island, which greatly resembles an isthmus, and between it and the main land, is deep water, which forms the harbour, towards the head of which is the Caracca or arsenal where the powder and naval stores are kept. Thus Cadiz is surrounded on all sides by water, except towards the south-east, where it is very strongly fortified; and justifies by its admirable position the discernment of the Phenicians, by whom it is said to have been founded. The streets are regularly built, well paved, and kept remarkably clean, and the churches richly ornamented. The principal inhabitants however being merchants, and the great support of the place commerce, the war with England, and subsequent blockade of the port had

rendered every thing dull, and thrown an air of sadness over the whole town. In time of peace, when its ports are crowded with vessels, and its streets with natives of every country, Cadiz must be a most favourable situation for observing the Spanish character when put into activity, as well as a lively and interesting picture. It would appear that every considerable town in Spain must have its public walk. The ramparts form the Prado of Cadiz, and it is here that the women are said to walk with superior grace, even to those of Madrid. This I imagine arises from many strangers first landing at Cadiz, and thence proceeding to the capital, where supposing the manners, in this respect, to be the same, a difference will always remain in favour of the first impressions. Let it be observed however, that the Spaniards themselves, from all the provinces, celebrate the graceful manners of the women of Andalusia. However that may be, the walk along the ramparts is delight-

ful, commanding on one side a view of the bay and the opposite shores, with various small towns, villages and forts, in particular el Puerto and Rota, the latter standing upon the north-west point of the bay. To the south-east the view is only along the isthmus, and the sea-shore terminating at a distant point, whereon stands a light-house; but to the west and south-west the view is unbounded, being as far as the eye can reach over the Atlantic, on which vessels are daily seen at a great distance making for other ports, and generally bound either from or up the Mediterranean. On this part of the ramparts a number of French and Spanish officers assembled every evening, and cast many a wistful look over the ocean. But the view to them was by no means boundless. Nine English ships of war intercepted the horizon, and shewed that at least that number of their fleet was so little disabled as to be

able to keep the sea, and still blockade the harbour of Cadiz.

Among the public buildings, the new cathedral church, when finished, will be by far the most conspicuous; but it appears uncertain when that period will arrive: the foundation, I was informed, having been laid nearly twenty years ago. The same causes however operate here as in Lisbon to retard the completion; namely, the funds passing through the hands of the monks or priests. This, with the misfortune occasioned by their late wars with England, sufficiently account for its present unfinished state. Although not yet wholly roofed, the interior is already loaded with columns and pilasters too rich and full of ornament to please a just taste; but the whole serves to display that marked trait in the Spanish character, a readiness to undertake great enterprizes, and an impatience to hurry to the conclusion. Hence in several of the

niches along the walls of this half-roofed church, which has neither doors nor windows, and where we stumble over heaps of rubbish ; we behold the marble statues of saints and angels which have been placed there with a childish eagerness. After all, should it ever be finished according to the plan which it even now displays, it will be one of the most magnificent modern structures in Spain.

I have already mentioned some of the effects of the great battle of Trafalgar, visible in crossing the bay of Cadiz. There a large vessel bilged and lying broadside upon the rocks, a second stranded, with all her masts gone, and a groupe of others which seemed to have escaped as by a miracle, after being so shattered by the British cannon ; all this possessed something of the terrible. But in Cadiz, the consequences, though equally apparent, were of a far different nature. Ten days after the battle they were still employed in bringing ashore the wounded, and spec-

tacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs and through the streets sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and human sufferings. When by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry which pierced the soul arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion; yet as they were finely dressed it had something of the appearance of ostentation, if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up the steps to their litters; yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound. On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were carrying away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with

signs of horror. Meanwhile their companions who had escaped unhurt, walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, whilst women sat upon heaps of arms, broken furniture and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and that convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder. If leaving the harbour I passed through the town to the point, I still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the Isthmus, bordering on the Atlantic, was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the Swiftsure, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered; the Spaniards still continu-

ing to affirm that they have lost their chief admiral and half their fleet. While surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted on the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld at a great distance, several masts and portions of wreck still floating about. As the sea was now almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. The portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts; yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such was the apprehensions which still filled their minds, of the enemy.

Finally, it was interesting, although in a different point of view from any that I have hitherto touched on, to observe the different effect produced on the Spaniards and French by a common calamity. The Spaniard, more than usually grave and se-

date, plunged into a profound melancholy, seemed to struggle with himself whether he should seek within his soul fresh resources against unwilling enemies, or turn his rage against his perfidious allies. The French, on the contrary, were now beginning to mingle threats and indecent oaths with those occasional fits of melancholy, which repeated and repeated proofs of defeat still continued to press upon them, as it were, in spite of their endeavours to the contrary. Not one of them but would tell you, that if every ship had fought like his, the English would have been utterly defeated. Contiguous to my small apartment at the posada was a hall, where a party of five and twenty or thirty French soldiers were assembled every day at an early hour to dinner. The commencement of their meeting was generally silent; but as the repast went on, and the wine passed round, they grew loud in discourse and boastings. One had slain five Englishmen

with his own hand; another seven, and some could not even tell how many they had rid the world of. One more modest than the rest, had only killed three; but how did this happen? An English vessel was preparing to board the ship in which he was. "A l'abordage" was the universal cry of the French. Meanwhile an unfortunate Englishman appeared ready to leap on board, when the ships were almost locked together; this hero brought him down like a crow. A second took his place, and shared the same fate. Strange as it may appear to wondering posterity, a third succeeded, and was immediately sent to follow his companions into the profound abyss. "After this," cried he, with a loud oath, "no more of them shewed themselves there." "Non, non," exclaimed his comrades: "*après cela ils ne s'y, sont plus montrés;*" and immediately ten of them began to talk at once.

After paying a silent and involuntary tribute of respect to this valorous French-

man, who had only killed three Englishmen, because only three were opposed to him, I almost began to doubt whether my eyes had not deceived me, in the terrible symptoms of defeat which I imagined to have observed on the part of the allies. But the conversation of the naval officers at the public table, where I dined, served to counterbalance these murderous narrations, and to raise my opinion of the French character, degraded by such idle and misplaced rhodomontades. They canvassed with coolness the manœuvres of the two fleets, and the cause of their defeat. One ship had not done her duty, another was overpowered by numbers, and some had deserted them altogether. These and many other causes were alledged; "but after all," said they, "their fire was terrible." *Mais, apres tout, leur feu etoit terrible.* In two things, and only two, did the French and Spaniards agree, in mutually blaming each other, and in reckoning events from or before the battle. Such a

thing happened so many days before the combat, or so many days after it: this was the universal mode of expression. The battle of Trafalgar seemed to form a new epoch, from which to compute events, although not yet marked in the national calendar, like the coronation of an emperor, or the birth of a prince.

The objects of my journey detained me only a few days at Cadiz, through which indeed I had passed, merely as being the most eligible route towards Algeciras. There were several large boats belonging to the latter place, in the port; but not one of them would venture to sea, unless I would ensure them the value of the boat, in case of capture. I therefore mounted once more on horseback, the road being absolutely impassable for any kind of carriage. I had made an agreement for two horses and a guide to Algeciras, for which they obliged me to pay before starting, eighteen dollars. When

I came to set out, however, I found that my guide was no other than the letter-carrier to San Roque, and that consequently I had paid the price of two horses, when in fact I was only furnished with one, at the expence of my contractors. As, however, the postman carried my portmanteau, and could not be objected to as a guide, they insisted that I had no right to complain, and being already paid, they had the best of the argument. From Cadiz the road proceeds along the sandy flat already mentioned, having the sea on the right hand, and the harbour on the left, until we reach la Isla de Leon, a remarkably neat town at the bottom of the bay of Cadiz, and consisting principally of one long and handsome street. As the sea makes a deep indent into the flat country behind it; I was astonished to see vessels of a large burthen as if anchored among the meadows. The situation of la Isla for commerce is therefore very little inferior

to that of Cadiz ; but being at the bottom of a bay, on a low ridge amidst marshes, it could never be made to equal the grand appearance of this latter city, advancing on the point of a low neck of land into the sea. Soon after leaving la Isla de Leon, we cross the inlet of the sea which runs up behind it upon a good bridge, and then travel for some distance on a causeway through the marshes, among which pyramids are erected at intervals to mark the channels for boats, when the country round is overflowed. After quitting this large flat, which extends in a direction inland, almost exactly corresponding to the present outlines of the bay, and leaves no doubt of the sea having once extended thus far ; we rise by very gradual elevations, and on which the soil is yet every where sandy, though in some spots covered with pines. The ride continues thus for four leagues from la Isla, when we reach a solitary house called a posada, in the middle of a large plain

covered with bushes. It was quite dark when we arrived at this miserable place, where all that I could procure was a little bad wine; but before we again set off, the moon began to shed a faint light through the clouds. The next two leagues were to Benalia, over a country diversified by dales and small hills, approaching by degrees towards mountains. Benalia is situated on the top of a very steep hill, at the foot of which is the posada, where travellers generally stop, as being the only decent one between Cadiz and Algeciras. The hills here rise in steep masses which seem to overhang the posada, and near it a brawling torrent swelled by the rains, poured along a channel strewed with huge masses of rock. At this decent posada, I with difficulty procured a dish of bacon stewed with tomatas, washed down by a bottle of miserable wine, of which, and the supper, my guide partook largely, placing himself at my side without any ceremony. Before day-break we

set off, crossing the torrent on a small bridge, and then continuing our road downwards along its banks, with a steep hill on our left. The road which from la Isla de Leon has been little attractive, now becomes more and more interesting at every step. Before us are hills covered with forests, and in the intervening valleys flow a thousand small streams formed by the late rains, and which we are continually occupied in crossing. Beyond the hills, adorned with wood, rise mountains in long ranges, and with summits bare and apparently inaccessible. Before beginning to cross this lofty chain, which lies between us and the sea and bay of Gibraltar, we pass over a fine green plain, surrounded on every side by mountains. The whole of this country is well deserving the close attention of the naturalist; and no Englishman should ever undertake to give a geological account of Gibraltar, without first examining it, they being intimately connected by the great laws of na-

ture, although far disjoined by political arrangements. The mountain belonging to this range, over which we pass, is named la Toche, and is in one part so uneven, with a deep valley close on the left, that the traveller is obliged to alight, unless provided with a horse to which he can thoroughly trust. The sides of this valley, although overgrown with oaks, pines, cork and beech trees, are still so steep, that in climbing upwards along the edge of the mountain, the abruptness of the precipice is scarcely concealed. The path would seem to have been formed merely by the treading of wild animals, with very little assistance from man, so miserably is it constructed, winding through thick woods, and over rocks, fallen trees and small torrents, almost from the base to the summit. When I had reached this point however, and began to descend, I then enjoyed the reward of this toilsome journey, for the most part through heavy rains, and thought no

more of its fatigues. Below me was the town of Algeciras, to the left that of Los Barrios, and the beginning of the mountains which extend into Granada, and in some measure separate that province from Andalusia; and to the eastward of Los Barrios the small town and camp of San Roque. But what immediately and chiefly attracted my notice was the mountain or rock of Gibraltar, forming on the opposite side of the bay a counterpart to that on which I stood; but detached from all others, its summit covered with light clouds, and its base with English shipping, which even from this height and distance were discernible. I stopped for a long time to consider this singular mountain, which from no point is so well seen as from the opposite summit of La Toche. It is thence that we can well observe its insulated situation, surrounded on all sides by deep water, except where joined to the Continent by a low Isthmus of sand; its steep and almost perpendicular sides, nay,

even the tower which stands at the south end of the summit, and the faint outlines of the batteries, which surround the base. Having fully gratified my eyes, the approach of a stormy night, and the repeated hints of my guide induced me to descend. When about half way down the mountain we have a view of a considerable aqueduct across a valley, and which conveys the water to Algeciras. Our path led us in time under one of the arches, and soon afterwards we entered the town, which had at first view, and by this entrance, a miserable appearance. Having carried me to a posada, my guide with difficulty procured me a small apartment, whither he brought my saddle and portmanteau, and then pursued his journey to San Roque. For my part, the fare I had met with on this journey, had been so much more than usually miserable, that a slender repast this evening seemed a luxury, and a hard mattress a bed of down. The posada being near the beach, I heard

at intervals during the night, the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind and rain, all which only served to reconcile me the more to my situation; so much of our happiness depends on contrast. I should have previously observed that the road from Benalia to the very summit of la Toche was full of parties of French and Spanish sailors taken prisoners by the English at Trafalgar; but liberated and sent over to Algeciras. They were now travelling to Cadiz in a miserable condition, in the midst of rain, many of them without shoes, and lamed by the ruggedness of the paths. They never failed eagerly to enquire how far distant they were from a habitation, and some of them despairing of being able to reach so far that night, threw themselves down, wet as they were, under the trees. Except the dismasted ships at Gibraltar, this was the last of the effects of the battle which came under my observation.

CHAP. V.

*Algeciras. Gibraltar. General Manners
and Government.*

ALGECIRAS, situated on the western side of the Bay of Gibraltar, was, at the commencement of the last century, a place of little importance, and consisted chiefly of fishermen's huts; but the capture and continued possession of Gibraltar by the English renders a counterpoint in the Bay necessary to Spain, and from that moment it has continued to increase. Its chief trade in time of peace is a contraband one with the English; but it flourishes mostly in war, from the great resort of gun-boats and privateers, which find here a commodious situation for observing and capturing enemy's vessels in the narrow entrance of the Mediterranean. It is built partly on a

flat along the beach, and partly on the slope of small heights, which form the first elevation from the sea towards the mountains behind the town. These mountains appear in general to be about two thousand feet in height, extending in a north easterly direction from the borders of the straits near Tariffa, towards the mountains of Granada, of which they probably form an appendage. They are considerably steep towards the Bay, but still more so on the western side, where they present, as I have already observed, bare summits, apparently inaccessible, and vallies of great depth. From them flow several small streams, which fall into the Bay of Gibraltar. The mouth of one of these streams, named El Miel, forms a creek, the banks on one side of which are steep, but flat on the other, and on this flat stands the lower part of Algeciras. In this part is the market-place, ornamented with a fountain, where the water brought by the aqueduct from the hills

is discharged, and serves to supply the whole town and shipping; very little rain being collected in cisterns. The general appearance of the town by no means belies the first impressions made on descending into it from the mountains, being poorly built, except a few houses belonging to the principal inhabitants; and even they are unworthy of notice, the residence of the governor being inferior in appearance to that of an ordinary gentleman's house in England. The streets, however, are not inconveniently narrow, and the houses being generally built of stone, however rough, have a better look than the mud-walled and straw-thatched houses so common in the western provinces. The inhabitants make great use of flat grey stones to roof their houses. This stone is found in quarries in a bay to the southward of the town, and separates naturally into large laminæ or plates, and is therefore well adapted for the purpose, not being apt to break nor to loosen and blow off in

heavy winds like slates. The chief and indeed only ornament of the town is the tower of the new church in the upper square. It is merely a quadrangular tower of stone, from the top of which the signals made along the coast are answered and repeated. It is partly built out of the ruins of a very ancient tower which stood on the same spot; and it is somewhat singular that the old mortar had become as hard as stone, and has been worked in a similar manner, and employed as such in the new building. The church in its interior regulations partakes in a very faint degree of the magnificence of the churches in the principal towns of Spain; and shews from this material distinction the recent rise of Algeciras.

But whatever may be the general wretchedness of its appearance, Algeciras becomes of importance on two considerations, the one of a partial, the other of a general nature. In 1801 an English squadron, under the command of Sir

James Saumarez, attacked a fleet of French and Spanish ships anchored under the batteries, and were repulsed. An English line of battle ship, the Hannibal, 74, grounded, and having lost nearly half her crew, struck to the batteries. After being taken possession of by the Spaniards, the name was altered to the Algeciras. This event alone would seem to render it a place worthy of notice, and the first question which an Englishman eagerly enquires is, "To what battery did the Hannibal strike?" He is surprized to be shewn a kind of redoubt close to the northward of the town, with a low parapet wall, furnished with six or eight heavy brass cannon, and towards the high road, surrounded principally by a thick hedge of aloes. A few more guns are disposed on the heights along shore; but about a half musket shot from the beach is a small rocky island, on which is built a fort of some strength, and this completes the defence of Algeciras towards the sea. Three miles

to the south is a fine bay, on one point of which stands a Martello signal tower, and a battery of five heavy cannon; but at too great a distance to be of any use in defending the town, being indeed merely calculated to protect the mouth of the bay; and even for that I was a witness of its being of little use.

The fortifications and batteries of Algeciras then, in a military point of view, are as contemptible as the town itself; but what renders it chiefly notorious is the shelter it affords to the numerous gun-boats and small privateers which infest the entrance of the Mediterranean, and the consequent great annoyance to the English commerce. These gun-boats are from twenty-five to fifty tons burthen, with two masts, and large lateen sails. They are full of men; and in calm weather can be rowed nearly four miles in an hour. In general they have a single gun in the bows, carrying a ball of thirty-two or thirty-six Spanish pounds; but sometimes

they are armed with two long twenty-four pounders, either both forward, or one in the bow and the other astern. In a fresh breeze these boats can do little injury, not only because being strongly and heavily built the weight of their guns buries them under every wave, but even were they not to dip, the sudden rise and fall in such small vessels prevents the taking any just aim. But in calm or light airs they are capable of doing much mischief, every thing being then in their favour. With the assistance of their oars they can go ahead and manœuvre round even a ship of war; and should it be quite calm take whatever station they chuse, without it being in the power of their enemy to prevent them. Their guns being of a great length and calibre, they can place themselves out of the reach of most vessels' stern or bow chasers, whilst they fire along the level surface of the water with as much deliberation, and as unmolested, as if firing at a mark. Add to this, a vessel is a large

object, and hardly to be missed by their gunners, however unskilful ; whilst they, on the contrary, present only the bow of a boat low in the water, and exceedingly difficult to hit. Such are their advantages in calms or light airs ; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that they capture many vessels in a place subject to such capricious currents, and sudden shifts of wind as the straits of Gibraltar. The long wars with England have taught the Spaniards the advantages and disadvantages of these floating one-gun batteries. When there is a breeze of wind they lie quiet under the heights of Algeciras, while the English frigates cruize backwards and forwards constantly in view. But in the calm mornings which commonly succeed the heavy easterly gales, they may be seen rowing out along the shores of the bay in fleets. They are then full of courage, and vow nothing less than the total destruction of their enemies. When arrived in the gut perhaps they behold an English

vessel, which will not obey the helm, carried hither and thither by the violent eddies from both shores. The lust of plunder stimulates them to venture out, in which case the ship, if a merchantman, has little chance of escape. Should they succeed in the capture, all the boats immediately ply their oars, and if the calm continues, soon tow their prize under the batteries of Algeciras. Thus, if fortunate, they gain a vessel worth perhaps twenty thousand pounds or more; if taken, they lose a boat and one gun, and the prisoners are sent over again from Gibraltar in a few days. Such is the case in calms; but with an ordinary breeze, and in deep water, a single English frigate is sufficient to put to flight all the gun-boats from Cadiz to the bay of Gibraltar.

When at Algeciras, I saw this sufficiently demonstrated. Signals were made for an English convoy having entered the gut. The weather was nearly calm; and all the boats got under weigh, full of men,

and with infinite bustle and noise. Nothing else was expected than the capture of the whole convoy; but unfortunately for them, a small breeze sprang up soon afterwards, and a frigate and a brig of war were seen standing out of Gibraltar, right across the bay. I was already out of the town, and near the Martello tower, at the mouth of the small bay already mentioned, when the gun-boats had begun to collect together on the approach of the frigate. The Spaniards were the first to fire, both from their boats and their batteries on the opposite side of the bay, while the frigate stood on without returning a single shot, until so near that grape could reach them. Then she opened her ports, luffing up in the wind and bearing away alternately, so as to bring both her broadsides into action, and poured such a shower of round and grape shot that not only the boats, but the sea, all round them, seemed to be covered. The Spaniards did not long withstand this terrible hail. They altered

their course, and pulled with all their might for Algeciras, whilst the shot of the frigate continued to whistle over their heads, and strike the rocks on shore with a great noise, shattering portions of them into large splinters. The brig never fired a shot, but stood as close as possible to the shore, in order to cut off the retreat of any boat that might drop behind. With the loss of some men killed and wounded, however, and one boat sunk, the rest got back, and the English convoy passed in perfect safety.

This issue of an engagement between a single frigate and all the gun-boats of Algeciras, along their own shores, sufficiently shewed what would have been their fate in the middle of the bay or the open sea. Some would have been run down, others sunk, and others taken, with the loss of half their crews, from the fire of the lofty decks of the frigate. It is more than probable that not one would have escaped to tell the story, unless

indeed their repeated and fervent prayers to Saint Antonio had induced his interposition, in the shape of a sudden calm, in their behalf. I had thus ocular demonstration of the total inutility of all such paltry craft, however strongly constructed, and however numerous, when put in competition with large ships of war, properly manœuvred. I confess that I needed such proof to overcome the prejudices which I had conceived in my own mind in favour of gun-boats.

The Aqueduct conveys the water into the centre of the town, from the mountains, distant about five miles. This Aqueduct is carried on a row of arches, over a valley, through which runs the small stream falling into the creek close to the town. Although I made many enquiries, I could not learn the date of its erection; but although these kind of conduits in Spain were generally in latter times constructed by the Moors, I cannot imagine it to be of so old a date. The

arches, about twenty-five in number, are semicircular, those in the centre of the valley standing on piers of considerable height, but gradually diminishing towards the sides, until the arches are of sufficient elevation without piers, and are at length no longer necessary, the conduit being carried along the side of a hill. This Aqueduct forms one of the principal and most picturesque objects near the town, and is farther visible in another row of arches across a small marshy flat among the mountains, four miles to the southwest of Algeciras. It is not unpleasing to bury one's self among the hills, and behold a work constructed by man, to convey water to a considerable town, whilst all around there is nothing but silence, lofty peaks, and long deep vallies. The only other remarkable object of modern date which presents itself on this side of the town is the Martello tower already mentioned, the battery of five cannon, and a redoubt, surrounded by a wall,

which all stand upon a small height, forming the northern entrance of a bay, which may be called an indent in the western side of the Bay of Gibraltar. Under this tower, within the indent, is the small quarry, of a kind of slaty stone, separating easily into large flat portions, of which the inhabitants of Algeciras make use to roof their houses, and even to carry as an article of trade to other towns upon the coast. The workmen simply pick small holes with the pick-axe, and then introduce a lever, which forces up horizontal portions of the stone, breaking off unevenly, at greater or lesser distances from the lever, according to the different adhesion of the particles. These portions are then formed into oblongs in the quarry, and after a little chiselling, are ready for use.

Such is a slight sketch of modern Algeciras; but some ruins still remain of the old town, which was founded by the Saracens or Moors, at the period of their

first irruption into Europe, and stood a little to the southward of the present, on the opposite side of the creek. These ruins consist principally of the solid bases of square towers, at regular intervals, the slight remains of walls, and in places the form of the ditch. One old tower is entire, close upon the water, and is still used by the Spaniards. It marks the farthest extent of the Moorish fortifications to the south, which here terminated along the edge of a small declivity, at the bottom of which is a slight brook, totally dry in summer. Thus the works formed an oblong upon a height defended on one side by this brook, and on the other by the creek or river of Algeciras. One end of the oblong was towards the sea, where the land forms a cliff of about thirty feet in height; and even at the end towards the mountains the ground is irregular, and was more strongly fortified than the other part. This fortress, in my opinion, gave rise to the name of Algeciras. Alcazar,

in Moorish, signifies a castle ; and this being among the first, if not the very first, built by the Saracens in Spain, might easily be corrupted by the natives to Algecir, and by degrees to the more Latin termination of Algeciras. Whether I be right or mistaken in my conjecture is a matter of little importance.

In a town formed and rising into consequence upon such principles, it is evident that the manners of the inhabitants must differ in some respects from those of their fellow subjects ; and it would be unjust to form an estimate of the general manners of Spain from those of Algeciras. Like all the towns along the coast of Spain bordering on the Mediterranean, till we cross the Guadalaviar, and eventill we approach the Ebro, Algeciras retains in the manners of its inhabitants strong traces of the Moors. Travellers who have been on the opposite or Barbary shore, find many points of resemblance in the interior distribution of the houses on both sides, in

the shape and use of the domestic utensils, in many articles of food, and even in various superstitions, which the Christians on one side, and the Mahometans on the other, have mingled with their several religions. In Algeciras the principal part of the inhabitants are certainly drawn from the provinces of Andalusia and Granada, and that in general from the lowest and most wretched classes; but exclusive of this mass of the population, there are great numbers of adventurers and desperadoes from every climate and country, who have come hither in search of fortune, and to man the gun-boats and privateers. Those who at present compose the richest inhabitants of the place, were a few years ago men of no credit or respectability, even among the banditti of Algeciras. As their riches have all been acquired from the capture of British property, or of neutral property condemned as British, they are naturally eager for the continuance of the war. Add to these

the swarm of privateers and gun vessels which harbour here; and it will not be wondered at that Algèciras exceeds every town in Spain in animosity towards the English. Even here, however, this spirit is daily softening. The riches acquired by a few individuals no longer compensate to an increasing population the advantages of a peaceful commerce, the want of regular pay to the military and naval force, nominally employed by the government, and the ruin of many families which, through a lust of booty, have embarked their all in privateers, and have been unsuccessful. Yet such is the cordiality, I may say esteem, with which an Englishman is generally received in Spain, that even this petty rancour may be noticed as a trait in the character of the inhabitants of Algèciras. Besides this, the manners are here more depraved and more profligate, although mixed with a kind of ferocity, than I had observed any where else in this country. Assassinations are frequent;

and in most of the streets some of the houses are marked with a cross, as a sign of murder having been committed near the spot. I had been accustomed to observe these melancholy memorials along the road side, on barren heaths, or in the bosom of deep forests; but till I reached Algeciras I had never seen them thickly planted in the streets of a populous town.

The object of my journey detaining me upwards of six weeks in Algeciras, I took frequent opportunities of making excursions along the Bay of Gibraltar. This bay, which is about ten miles in length, from about S. S. E. to N. N. W. and eight in breadth, is formed to the westward by the bases of the mountains behind Algeciras, and which terminate in the sea, near Tariffa; and to the eastward by the rock of Gibraltar, with its isthmus of sand. A flat coast, and behind it several small heights, which appear as if placed there to keep up a connexion between the chain of mountains and Gibraltar form the head of

the bay. On one of these heights is placed the small town of San Roque, so called from a solitary hermit who died here, and whose cell and chapel are still shewn. On another height are some ruins, scarcely distinguishable, of the ancient Cartea, once a celebrated city, occupying great part of the ground between Gibraltar and the first river Guadaranca. Numerous coins have been, and still continue to be dug up, generally marked with a tunny-fish, emblematic of the great fishery carried on here. On the top of this hill the Queen of Spain took her station during the great siege of Gibraltar, in order to behold the English colours lowered. She was disappointed ; but the hill still retains the name of the Queen of Spain's Chair.

Between these heights and the rock are the Spanish lines, drawn across the isthmus from the head of the bay to the Mediterranean. These may be called the outworks of Spain, against the English in

Gibraltar. A few miles from San Roque, to the westward, we cross the Guadarranca, a stream of considerable depth, in a ferry boat moved by a rope, and capable of transporting horses, and even carriages. A flat of about two miles, intersected by ditches and causeways, brings us to the river Palmones, near its mouth, and which also here is of some importance. This stream runs past the town of Los Barrios, situated inland from the head of the bay, and near to which a neat bridge of three or four arches is thrown over it. At the mouth, however, we cross it in a ferry-boat, similar to that upon the Guadarranca; and if the tide be low, continue our route along the sands till we approach Algeciras. Here we climb the low ridge which presents to the sea, sometimes a cliff of dark rocks, and sometimes of light sand-stone, along the summit of which Algeciras is partly built, and which forms the first ascent towards the mountains. We are now arrived opposite to

Gibraltar, which we clearly behold across the bay, and continuing our route to the southward, arrive at the Martello Tower and the batteries on the small bay already mentioned. To coast the head of this bay we descend from the small heights, and pass along the sands till we arrive on the opposite side, when we again climb the hills, and soon fall into the miserable rocky path which leads to Tariffa, a small town situated on the most southern point of Europe. This honour, if such it be, has been often and falsely attributed to Gibraltar. Tariffa, like Algeciras, is originally of Moorish foundation, being called after the first Saracen General who made conquests in Spain. It is situated in the Straits, several miles to the westward of the bay of Gibraltar, which is bounded on that side by a low rocky point. All along the shores of the bay, from the northern base of Gibraltar to the western point, are either towers still in use, or the ruins of others which formerly stood here.

Of these the most singular is, perhaps, that called the Devil's Tower, close under the northern end of Gibraltar. It is round, and built upon a small rock, the only one which shews itself above the whole of the isthmus of sand, and though of no great diameter or height, must have at all times commanded a view both towards the Mediterranean and the bay. It has no door beneath, and was probably entered by a ladder, which was drawn up to prevent surprize. Or did the sea once cover the whole of this low isthmus, composed entirely of sand and broken shells; and was the Devil's Tower a beacon, on a rock surrounded by the waves? About a mile distant, to the westward, are the remains of another round tower, of greater diameter, and not a musket shot distant from the Spanish lines. After this they seem to have been built indifferently, round or square, as fancy or caprice may have dictated, and to form a part of the long chain of towers

and castles which extend along the heights upon the Spanish shores of the Mediterranean, and even those of the Atlantic.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest which antiquity or present situation may give to all the objects already mentioned in the bay, there is certainly nothing in Algeciras, San Roque, the faint remains of Cartea, the mountains, the rivers, the Spanish lines, or the isthmus, to compare with Gibraltar, either for importance or curiosity. This singular rock, which has had volumes written concerning it, bounds the eastern side of the bay, to which it gives name, and extends from S. by E. to N. by W. about two miles in length. Its summit is a long and narrow ridge, fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, falling perpendicularly towards the Mediterranean or east, but gradually sloping down to its base towards the bay. The north end has a grand appearance from below, presenting towards the country a perpendicular rock, upwards of a

thousand feet in height, and crowned with batteries at the summit, and along the edges of its slope. The Mediterranean approaches close to the eastern side, and on the west the only access by land is along a narrow causeway, between the rock and the head of the bay, defended by rows of entrenchments and impassable batteries. On the southern end, the rock slopes more gradually from the summit, and terminates in a small plain, the point of which is called Europa, probably from the false idea of its being the southern point of Europe. This plain is still somewhat elevated above the sea, towards which it is bounded on all sides by rocks, and extends a little to the northward, where, however, it soon terminates, and we arrive at the steep eastern side. Several winding passages, defended by batteries, are here constructed along the face of the mountain, and conduct us at length to Mediterranean Stairs, a long flight of steps cut in the rock, and by which we

may ascend to the summit. The whole of the rest of this side is perfectly inaccessible, except one or two spots near the base, where fishermen sometimes land.

The town lies principally at the foot of the western side; but barracks, houses and petty gardens are gradually constructing along the whole face of the rock, where it is by any means accessible. This however cannot now be done without great labour, even the inhabited side of the rock being so steep, that it is strictly forbidden to throw a stone, however small, from the upper part, lest it should loosen others which might roll down and do much mischief. The batteries along the water side and round the rock, the galleries, the old and new moles, the different barracks, hospitals and public buildings; the dock-yard, and the shipping constantly lying here in time of war, are all worthy of description in a history of Gibraltar, but do not fall within the present plan.

Of the inhabitants it may be observed, that they are composed of all nations, and the English form perhaps the smallest part of the population. The rest is made up of Spaniards, Genoese, French, Italians, and Moors from the coast of Barbary. The manners of the English are sufficiently hospitable, though not un-mixed with little jealousies toward each other; and one is grieved to find here, as in most garrison towns, invidious distinctions drawn by the military officers between themselves and the mercantile class, which so materially contributes to their support.

As to the political importance of Gibraltar, it is too obvious to need a long discussion. Impregnable as a fortress, and placed just within the entrance of the Mediterranean, it enables Great Britain, with a few frigates, to command the whole of the Straits, and it depends only on her will to intercept every vessel passing either up or down. But truly to appreciate its

value to England, we have only to suppose it in the possession of her enemies. Gibraltar is the only port which she holds on the whole continent of Europe, and there is therefore no other but what has been, or may be shut against her. I cannot here but observe that England appears to me guilty of much negligence, in not having formed a corresponding military and commercial station on the Barbary shore. It might be done with great facility, and would serve at once as a check upon Ceuta, and as a commencement to a farther intercourse with this part of Africa, hitherto but little known, even to the enterprizing spirit of England.

Finally, it may be observed with regard to Gibraltar, that the views from its summit are interesting and sublime. From its bare ridge, on which we stand with a kind of dread, we see to the southward on the opposite side of the straits Ape's Hill, the Abyla of the ancients, generally covered at the top with clouds, and the

African shore tapering down from it, and shutting in, with the coast of Spain, the entrance of the Straits, and the view of the distant waters of the Atlantic. To the eastward the Mediterranean stretches out in boundless prospect, and on its northern side rise the mountains of Granada, the lofty summits of which are generally covered with snow, or buried in thick clouds. Lastly, to the westward the bay of Gibraltar lies beneath our feet; on the opposite side stands the town of Algeciras, and behind it rise the mountains which form a petty branch of the Granada chain, and terminate at the straits, where they open out towards the Atlantic. Standing on the summit of this pillar of Hercules, we contemplate with pleasure the ancient boundaries of navigation, one of which we seem to tread beneath our feet. The departed glories of the Mediterranean shores; the present ascendancy of the human mind in Britain, Gaul, Germany and Russia; and the probable future desti-

nies of the western Continent, rush full upon the mind, and strongly impress us with the ever changing state of the moral world, the uncertainty of political calculations, and the frailty and vanity of all human life. If we are upon the southern summit of the rock, these considerations are heightened by the remains of a stone tower built not long ago by General O'Hara, and meant to overlook the high lands which intercept the distant views of the Atlantic towards Cadiz. But this tower has never been employed ; at no great period after its erection it was struck by lightning, and the shattered and early ruins give a double interest to the speculations of the moralist and the philosopher.

Such are the observations suggested by a residence of nearly two months in Algeciras. As I am now about to leave Spain, I will endeavour to give some general idea of the country through which I have passed, and the manners I have

seen, as far as the objects of importance which occupied my mind would permit me to observe them. I have already mentioned, that from the western coast of Spain, including Portugal, the ground continually ascends till we reach Madrid, which may be pretty fairly called the center of that Peninsula of Europe formed by the bay of Biscay, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean. This ascent is generally in terraces, so that though we sometimes partially descend, it is constantly obvious that there lies before us a higher country than that over which we have passed. The same is also the case from the borders of the two seas all round, as is evident from the courses of the principal rivers which all rise towards the center of Spain, and fall in every direction, except the northern, into the Atlantic and Mediterranean. At first sight it appears singular, that not one of the great rivers of Spain fall into the bay of Biscay. This arises from the direction of the high

mountains of Asturias and Bizcaya, which although inland, run almost parallel to the coast. Hence the rivers which rise on their northern sides, having comparatively a small extent of country to traverse, collect but few tributary streams, and never become of much note. Such are the Navia, the Pravia, the Cares, the Rio de Suances, and numerous others. On the other hand, those which fall to the south of the mountains must necessarily traverse a long extent of country, and therefore swell into great rivers. At equal distances from the summits of the mountains, the streams which flow to the north, and those to the south will perhaps be found nearly of equal importance; but those towards the north soon join the sea, whilst on the other side the Ebro traverses the whole breadth of Spain to the south-east, is joined by many considerable streams, and after being swelled to a mighty river, falls into the Mediterranean.

But confining ourselves to the country over which we have travelled, we notice that in our journey from Lisbon to Madrid, and from Madrid to Cadiz, we have described two sides of an Isosocles triangle, each about four hundred miles in length. The base of this triangle, namely from Lisbon to Cadiz, has not fallen under our observation; yet in our course we have crossed three principal rivers, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquiver, each of which has its peculiar character. The Tagus, with a rapid descent, seems to hold its impetuous course of more than 400 miles, chiefly at the bottom of a long, deep, and narrow valley, which it has perhaps worn for itself in the course of ages. The banks of the Guadiana on the contrary, where we have seen them, are of a more yielding and sandy nature, and seem capable of opposing but little resistance to its fury, when it descends swollen with the winter torrents. But in those parts where the soil

is softest, the bed of the river naturally enlarges, the current spreading over a wide surface becomes less rapid, and thus by the wise laws of nature its fury prepares bounds for itself. Travelling to the southward, after passing the Tagus and the Guadiana, we arrive at the Guadalquivir, the favourite stream of the Moorish poets, when Cordova was the residence of their monarchs. It seems to partake more of the nature of the Guadiana than of the Tagus, the banks being of a moderate height, and capable of being adorned with trees, houses and villages. We observe however with regret that they are generally bare, although this be compensated in many spots by extensive flat and fertile meadows covered with cattle. The towns on this stream attest the former greatness of the Moors. The Tagus, as we have seen, may boast of Toledo and the doubtful honour of Lisbon; the Guadiana of Merida and Badajoz, and the

Guadalquiver of Andujar, Cordova and Sevilla.

In a country of such extent, and watered by such streams, there must naturally be a great diversity of landscape. Sometimes the plains are wide spread, and bounded only by the horizon ; or by hills, which though of great height, shew like petty elevations or distant islands in the sea. Sometimes we climb lofty mountains partly bare and craggy, and partly covered with wood. Now the principal object which we discern for many a weary mile is some old Moorish tower on the brow of a hill; nor do we lose sight of it until we plunge into the bosom of thick forests of oak and cork trees, and the wild olive ; or descend into deep valleys, the bottoms of which are strewn with huge masses of rock, intersected in summer by large stagnant pools or petty rills, and in winter by rushing torrents. Almost every where the scenery possesses interest from

its sublimity, and even from its solitude. From Badajoz to Madrid not a single town or village, near to which we pass, has the air of neatness or thriving. Vast tracts of the finest soil are left uncultivated, and a general appearance of wretchedness is spread over a country, which, with proper administration, might be rendered the finest in Europe.

Travelling from Madrid to Cadiz, we observe on the contrary, that no sooner have we gained the summit of the Sierra Morena, and descend to the south-west, than the country begins to wear a more pleasing appearance. The villages are neater, the houses better built, and the fields better cultivated. But above all the inhabitants seem more cheerful, and better clothed and fed than we had before seen. Such is the case more or less throughout the whole of Andalusia, where we also notice that the breed of cattle, and still more of horses, is in general excellent; no small pleasure to a traveller on horse-

back. Whether these circumstances arise from soil, climate, or a difference in the internal regulations of this province, I know not. Perhaps there is much owing to the commerce carried on in Ayamonte, Moguer, Sevilla, Xerez, San Lucar, Cadiz, and other smaller ports, or places of trade, all in Andalusia, and the good effects of which are afterwards extended over the whole province. Be that as it may, the Andalusians are much more cheerful and thoughtless than Spaniards in general, and instead of spending their leisure hours in sleep and indolence, the lower classes delight to meet together, to drink, and sing their provincial airs, which are generally in a merry strain.

Thus then the two sides of the triangle which we have described presents, or borders on, many interesting objects, exclusive of the rivers, mountains, forests and deep valleys. Beginning with Lisbon, we have there seen the largest commercial town on the continent of Europe, and which no political revolution can ever

altogether deprive of its importance. In Elvas and Badajoz we have seen the fortified frontier towns of Portugal and Spain. Merida has recalled to our remembrance the power and extensive dominion of ancient Rome; Toledo that of the Goths; Andujar and Cordova, the Moors; and Cadiz, the Phenicians and Carthaginians, by whom it was founded and protected.

With regard to the manners of the country through which we have passed, the Spaniards are generally grave, with something of a stately walk and air, yet they do not preserve their character throughout, being excessively fond of risible objects and sayings; nor is there any language in Europe, which so much abounds in daily expressions, calculated to excite a smile, as the Spanish. They appear to me greatly mistaken who suppose the Spaniards to be merely a grave and serious people. They preserve a forced gravity, especially with strangers;

because the dignity and ancient glory of his country, are ever present to the mind of a true Spaniard; but they give themselves up to every amusement and pleasure, within their reach, with a kind of fury, which shews their seriousness to be more habitual than constitutional. I conceive greatness of soul to be the character which they affect above all others; yet in this they content themselves with empty sounds, and a vain name, instead of aiming at the reality. Hence a Spaniard may sit tamely down, and see his king insulted, his country sold and tributary to France, and his own personal privileges and liberties abridged; and although he may not make a single struggle, or even vent an unavailing sigh for the fallen greatness of Spain, he may yet preserve his greatness of soul. In what then does it consist? In boasting that the sun never sets on the Spanish dominions; in informing you that Spain was the seat of learning, civilization, and philosophy, when

England, France, and Germany were covered with forests, and partially inhabited by barbarians; in assuring you that the Spaniards are the most honourable and most noble minded of all nations: in building stone bridges over rivulets; joining triumphal arches to mud-walls; in planning the most magnificent schemes for uniting the Duero; the Ebro, and the Tagus; the Niger and the Nile; the South-sea and the Caribbean; but never executing them.

This appears to me the great, the leading trait in the Spanish character. In other respects the Spaniard, like his fellow men, has his failings and his good qualities. He is indolent, haughty, and revengeful; a slave to his passions, and not easily touched with pity: but he is temperate, sedate, and patient under hardships; truly attached to the honour of his country; and warm, if not constant, in his loves and friendships. He is more capable of undergoing privations than of en-

countering difficulties. What his reason dictates he follows coldly, and is easily induced to abandon for the first object suggested by his passions. Yet notwithstanding all this, there are some points of resemblance in the Spanish and English character, particularly that gravity common to both, and which conceals in both so much humour, and so much real impetuosity.

With regard to the smaller traits of character and peculiarity of customs, they vary in the different provinces, in which respect, for variety and interest, Spain far exceeds any country in Europe. To conceive this we need only throw our eyes back upon their history. Its first inhabitants appear to have been Celts, of which our Scottish Highlanders probably form a branch. After severe struggles the Carthaginians settled along the coast, and in all the country west of the Ebro. They were expelled by the Romans, and as the Latin language forms the basis

of the Spanish, it is natural to suppose that strong traces of the Latin manners must still remain. The Romans were succeeded by the Goths, a more barbarous people, who however adopted by degrees the milder manners and customs of the Latin colonies. After a long interval the Saracens or Moors made an irruption into Spain, landing in or near the bay of Gibraltar, and gradually possessing themselves of most of the finest provinces; and, although afterwards partially expelled, many of their descendants, and much of their manners, still remain. From all this assemblage of nations, the language, customs, and manners of Spain have been formed; for, excepting the Carthaginians and Romans, no party sought to destroy, but only to conquer, those preceding them. Of these, to judge by the strong testimony of language, the Roman conquests have produced effects by far the most penetrating and durable. We are therefore to look even among the lower classes for traces of

the manners of a refined people. Hence a Spanish peasant, if he be eating when you pass him, never fails courteously to invite you to partake with him. Hence if you praise any thing belonging to him, he immediately assures you that it is at your grace's disposal; and hence the direct and blunt term of *thou* or *you* is never used. All conversation is carried on in the third person. A peasant, asking another how he does, hopes his grace is well, and that the wife and family of his grace are also in good health. All this to an observer of however little attention denotes remnants of manners highly refined. In English there is much more delicacy in saying: "how is Mrs." —, than in bluntly asking: "how is your wife"? Thank heaven the genius of our language will not admit of much farther refinement in this respect, except with such violations of all its principles, as to denote that our true spirit is gone beyond recal, whenever it takes place.

As to the manners of the Spanish women, little can be said in their praise. They are alluring and seductive to the stranger, perhaps beyond any other women in Europe; but they are seldom deserving of the honourable, nay almost sacred titles, of faithful wives, of good mothers, or unshaken friends. Not that as parents they are devoid of affection: on the contrary this is often carried to a blind excess; but that incessant and unwearied care which is requisite to the character of a good mother is little suited to their tempers. Nothing can exceed the warmth of their attachment while it lasts; but the greater part of those, who trust to the duration of this attachment, will find themselves mistaken, and complain with Horace:

Heu quoties fidem

Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera

Nigris equora ventis

Emirabitur insolens

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus.

HOR. CARM.

It now only remains that I should say something of the present state of the government, and the political relations of Spain.

With regard to the first, it may be safely declared to be in that state of degradation and decay which precedes and announces great revolutions. The King is a man of good intentions, but of confined understanding, and a mere slave to the pleasures of the chase, which forms not only his sole diversion, but his principal occupation. His thoughts are constantly engaged by partridges, hares, and wild boars; and his greatest exploit is to have fired so many guns in the course of a day. These are constantly presented to him ready loaded by his huntsmen, as fast as he can discharge them, and hence the slaughter which he sometimes makes is almost incredible. It must be owned that he is an excellent marksman; but what is more to his credit, he seems to be aware of the fatal effects of this blind

passion in the monarch of a great kingdom, and has given strict orders that his sons should not be allowed to acquire similar propensities. In his person he is very tall and stout, and is generally healthy, owing no doubt to the constant exercise which he takes, and his temperance in drinking, water being his sole beverage. Such is the present King of Spain. His consort forms the reverse to his insensible character, being intriguing, revengeful, and a slave to far other passions than those of the chase. "It is through her," say the Spaniards secretly, "that royalty is degraded, and the Spanish name dishonoured. To gratify her unworthy passions, a wretch has been raised from the ranks, to domineer over our nobility, and sell our country to France." Such however is the case. The man of the greatest power at present in Spain is the Prince of Peace, as he has been entitled, formerly a life-guardsmen, and raised with rapidity to the highest honours, merely for being

the queen's paramour. As she has however long lost the charms of youth, this man treats her with great neglect, and maintains himself in despotic power merely by the influence of France, or, in other words, by strictly obeying the smallest mandate of that country. The queen in her turn now detests him, and has lately taken into favour a young man not yet twenty years of age, from among the guards. But it is too late: the power of the slave of France is not to be shaken by a bad woman's wiles, and it is a foreign government alone that can deprive him of it. He is universally hated; but that is in private: before him even the Grandees of Spain must wear a smile, and Madrid is full of his spies. He is however sagely aware of the uncertainty of revolutions, and is said to have deposited large sums of money in foreign banks, besides having great quantities of specie secretly hoarded in his own possession. Meanwhile he maintains the state of a king: his palaces are magnifi-

cent; and his own regiment of dragoons always near him, mount guard at his gate, and send detachments to attend him wherever he goes. I have witnessed the secret curses that attended his progress; but the sabres of his dragoons are sharp, and woe betide the Spaniard who is heard to murmur. In his person he is tall and well formed, of a ruddy countenance, not unlike an Englishman; but he has not their air of freedom, and is upon the whole a man of very moderate talents.

Such are the component parts of the present nominal government of Spain. I say nominal, because the real government is that of France, and whatever French General may be the ambassador at Madrid, is in effect king of Spain. When a government is thus composed, it may be known what to think of that government. When a nation is in such a state as secretly to curse, and yet openly to cherish that government, it may be known what to think politically of that nation.

Englishmen have sought their liberties through seas of blood, and have obtained them. France was at least cheated with a semblance of liberty during the fleeting period of her true enthusiasm. But all the country between the Pyrenees and the surrounding oceans, with its double race of monarchs, queens, princes, and nobles has never even followed the phantom of liberty; but awaits the decrees of the French government. The inhabitants of all this immense tract are generally bold with the knife in the hour of darkness; but they tremble at the bayonet in the face of day. Yet, strange as it may appear, the hatred of France and Frenchmen is universal throughout the whole of this district. In talking of Frenchmen there is a mixture of hatred, contempt, and yet of dread, not to be conceived by those who have not witnessed it. If every Spaniard or Portuguese had a single Frenchman within reach of his long knife, the contest would be short. But other nations

must meet their discipline, their bayonets, and their artillery.

With regard to the uncontrouled dominion of the French in Spain I could bring many proofs; but why collect single instances, when a great, a general, an undeniable one is hanging over the country. Should this not take place, (unless prevented by other powers) it will prove the fallacy of all my remarks; but when it happens, (and the day is fast approaching) it will supersede the necessity of all such petty documents. And yet there is one so gross, so glaring, that I cannot refrain from quoting it. A vessel was brought into a port in Spain by a French privateer, and was acquitted, ship and cargo, by a Spanish court of admiralty. The French captor, not content with this decision, appealed to a higher court; the cause was again heard, and the case being clear was again decided as before. But there still remained, to a Frenchman in Spain, a higher court than the Spanish high court

of admiralty. A court was formed entirely of Frenchmen at the house of the French consul, the cause was heard for the third time, the vessel and cargo adjudged good prize, sold as such, and the proceeds distributed to the captors.

In the present political state of Europe, and indeed at all times, the propriety of England cultivating a close and friendly intercourse with Spain is so apparent, that we cannot but feel surprized it should have been so long neglected. On enquiry we find the causes of this to be various. Ancient wars; alliances between the two former monarchies of France and Spain; and the interests of the latter country and of England badly understood by both. Yet I affirm that such are the dispositions of the Spaniards towards the English, that with a little care on the part of the government, the two countries might become indissolubly united. It is here that we ought to look for a great balance to the power of France in

the west. It is in this country perhaps, unfavourable as appearances may now be, that the freedom of Europe is destined to commence. The Highlanders of Britain may still rouse to arms in a kindred language their Celtic brethren in the mountains of Leon, Biscay, and Gallicia; and even extend their enthusiasm over the plains to the center of the country and the mountains of Arragon and Guadarrama. But the great events likely soon to take place in this country mock the vain spirit of prophecy. I bid adieu to Spain, and should quit with regret its lofty mountains, its almost boundless plains, its delightful climate, and the many monuments of its departed glories: but I have been always used to breathe the air of freedom, and around me I see nothing but slavery, stifled indignation, and misery. Its happy natural situation is overbalanced by political errors, and the blindness of despotic power: and whilst we regret that so fine a coun-

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try should be almost abandoned to nature, we cannot but feel some small portion of contempt for the inhabitants who permit it.

END OF VOL. I.